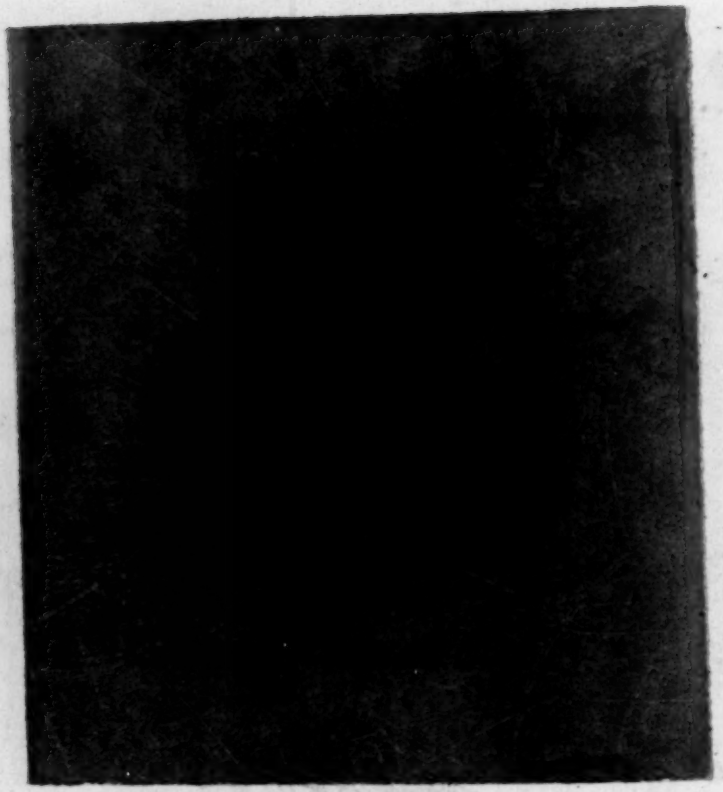

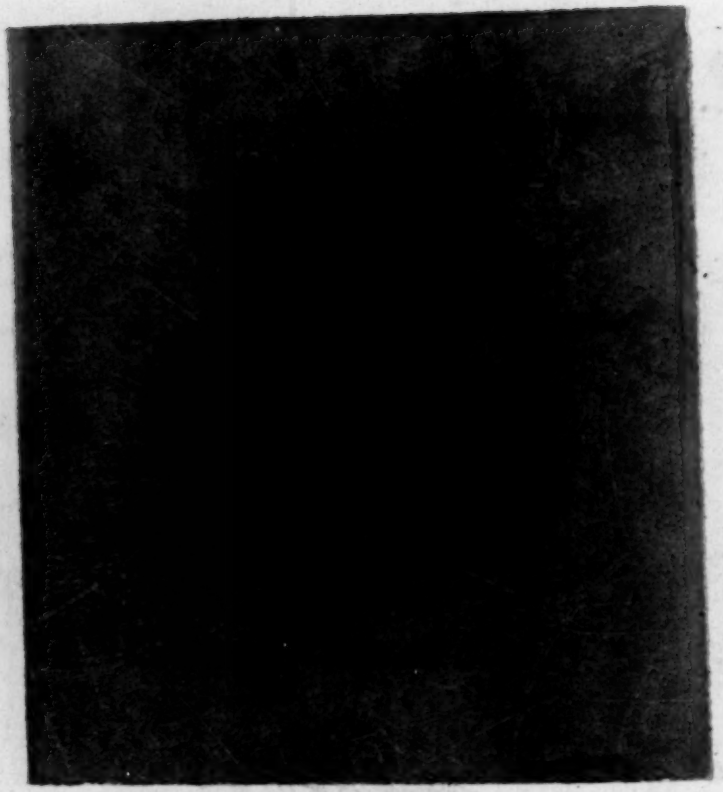

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THE

PACKET:

A

NOVEL.

By MISS GUNNING.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PACKET.

CHAP. I.

Humanity a ſcience—Two ſorts of curioſity—Shifting ſcenes from the caſtle to the parſonage—Retroſpection of paſſed events—A promenade—A dialogue—A ſtranger—Nobody knows who.

IN the relation Mr. Armatage made to Lady Gertrude Montreville of the dreadful calamity by which her repoſe had been purſued, overtaken,

and deſtroyed, ſome circumſtances were ſlightly touched upon, and many more abſolutely omitted—amongſt the latter, he concealed that he had received intelligence of the body's arrival for interment the day following: he ſatisfied her that the beloved remains would be permitted to be brought over, but did not ſay when or by whom attended.—It was impoſſible to diveſt theſe particulars of their bitterneſs; but he endeavoured to ſoften them with all the ſkilfulneſs of an adept in the ſcience of humanity.

THERE is not a more innocent or praiſe-worthy ſentiment of the mind, than that deſire of information commonly

mónly called Curioſity, if bounded by certain reſtrictions; nor one more baſely degrading, when it is uſed, as is too often the caſe, as an engine of practical deceit. Of the firſt claſs I am perſuaded are my readers, who wiſh to ſhare with me the full confidence of Mr. Armatage, for no other reaſon than that, like me, they alſo may lament afreſh over the calamitous detail of a cataſtrophe, ſo fatal to thoſe for whoſe happineſs or miſery I can have no doubt they are warmly intereſted, and zealous to know every thing that concerns them.

To gratify this laudable inclination I have ſuppoſed you to entertain, let us, for a ſhort time, leave

the chamber of mourning, with good Mrs. Armatage to take charge of the heart-broken parent, and retrace the ſteps theſe affectionate friends had forced themſelves to purſue, on an errand they would have laid down their lives not to have executed; and by this manœuvre we ſhall find we are at the parſonage inſtead of the caſtle, where I ſhall diſcloſe what paſſed at the former, preceding their walk to the latter: and as your feelings cannot be quite ſo acute as the feelings of a mother, I ſhall have none of theſe delicate reſerves, in order to ſpare your ſuſceptibility, which were thought ſo neceſſary by the Man of God, when he adopted the very quinteſſence of caution, to

ſpare

ſpare from further laceration, as much as it could be ſpared, the pierced and bleeding ſoul of Lady Gertrude; on the contrary, I will make you as ſad as I can, and when I have it in my power to make you ſmile, you ſhall ſmile again.

ABOUT an hour before Mr. Armatage tranſported himſelf into the preſence of Miſs Montreville's mother, he had invited his wife to ſtroll with him up and down a very pleaſant promenade: it was the neareſt ſpot to their habitation, which had the excluſive privilege of refuſing the noon-day beams of the ſun, at ſuch times as they were every where elſe ſcorching and intolerable. This en-

chanting umbrage was formed of ancient, tall, cheſnut trees, and almoſt completed a covered way from the caſtle to the pariſh church; but, as ſtraight avenues are now quite out of faſhion, I am not tempted to ſay ſo much of its beauty as of its utility.

How often, ſaid Mr. Armatage, ſtopping about the mid-way, and obſerving a tree more remarkable for its circumference than the reſt—how very often has my old friend, Sir Thomas, been tormented by fools, who have more money than either taſte or judgment, to level this magnificent and uſeful plantation; but, thank God! he withſtood all the ridicule

dicule of faſhion, and I now think, my dear, we ſhall never live to behold our ſheltering friends ſubmitting to the ſtroke of the axe—Sir William inherits not only his father's good ſenſe, but his father's ſteadineſs.

YES, he does, indeed, replied his wife; and in the ſame degree as their daughter inherits the beauty, the diſcretion, the ſweetneſs, and the virtues of her mother.

AGAIN they walked on, and now their converſation was wholly engroſſed by anticipating what would be Lady Gertrude's felicity, and how largely they ſhould be ſharers in her

happineſs, when the flower of the caſtle, meaning Miſs Montreville, ſhould be re-planted in her native ſoil. They counted up how long it was likely Sir William might remain in Paris; and Mr. Armatage ſaid, he believed it would be only a few days, having always found him ready to ſacrifice his own, to the gratification of his mother. They next longed to know, if the charming Adelaide was much grown; yet allowed it would be ſuperfluous to wiſh her changed in any reſpect from what ſhe was when ſhe left the neighbourhood—they hoped at leaſt that her manners had undergone no revolution, and wiſhed her to return poſſeſſed of no other graces but thoſe ſhe carried with her—

her—When nature, obſerved the divine, has written the moſt curious of her works, it is ſoon demoliſhed by affectation, if ſhe is ſuffered to approach it; I ſhould have fears for any other young woman in her ſituation, but I have none for Miſs Montreville.

No! it is impoſſible, cried Mrs. Armatage, with unuſual vivacity, that Adelaide ever can be ſpoiled; and I would venture my life againſt this nut (ſtooping and taking up one which had fallen, half-ripe, to the ground), that when we ſee her come back to her own quiet ſhades, ſhe will be as much, or more, in love with them, than before they were

quitted for the noiſy, buſtling pleaſures of a gay, diſſipated world! To which opinion her ſerious companion readily agreed; only obſerving, with a ſmile, that they muſt not ſanguinely expect to keep ſuch a treaſure in their own poſſeſſion, as, no doubt, when ſhe was married, her huſband would not be always a fixture in their neighbourhood.

But why, replied ſhe, is it neceſſary for us to conſider the time which is yet ſo diſtant? or, if you will meaſure by the rule of philoſophy, and tell me that two years are but as two moments, you muſt alſo allow, that there is the more reaſon why we ſhould preſs into them

as

as many pleaſant events as we can, and throw as few rubs as may be in the way of our enjoyments—Oh! added ſhe, you cannot think how light my heart has felt, ever ſince Sir William went from hence to eſcort home his lovely ſiſter.

I WONDER, Harriet, thinking ſo differently, ſaid he, as we do, on light ſubjects, though in eſſential ones drawing much nearer, you ſo volatile, I ſo circumſpect—how we came to put our horſes together; and, after we had ſubmitted to the yoke, it appears ſtill ſtranger that we ſhould have ſupported it ſo pleaſantly!

IT is, returned ſhe laughing, becauſe you know I always accommodate my humour and my ſentiments to yours, when I find out where I have been the diſſenter.

NO, ſaid he in a tone of equal raillery, that is not exactly the caſe; for I never could get you to acknowledge, that Miſs Davenport is as handſome as Miſs Montreville.

I THINK her beautiful, very beautiful; but not ſo beautiful as Adelaide.

THEY had now reached the extremity of the avenue, and were turned about, facing their own comfortable habita-

habitation, when, after this manner, with her arm drawn through that of her huſband, Mrs. Armatage thus continued to ſupport her favourite opinion.

I CANNOT allow you to be ſo good a judge of beauty as you certainly are of merit; or you would not prefer Emeline's languiſhing, ſweet, blue eyes, and flaxen hair, to the ſoul-ſpeaking hazel ones, and the auburn treſſes, of Adelaide. She was going on with the deſcription, but ſtood ſelf-interrupted, having obſerved a man galloping up to their houſe with that ſort of ſpeed to which is annexed the idea of important buſineſs. She pointed him out to

Mr.

Mr. Armatage, and they both ſtood ſtill to obſerve his motions.

SURELY, cried ſhe, he flies upon the wings of the winds!—I hope he brings us good tidings—though I think I have heard you ſay, bad news travel much faſter than good.

YOU are right enough, ſaid he; every body likes to ſtop Dame Fortune in her rapid courſe, becauſe they have a pleaſure in detaining her from viſiting others, though ſhe is not diſpoſed to be uſeful to themſelves; it is the way of the world; why it ſhould be ſo I cannot tell you—and, by the ſame unaccountable rule, if Misfortune happens to paſs by the ſame doors,

doors, where all kind of traps have been ſpread to retard the ſpeed of her mother, ſhe will be freſh mounted at every one of them, that no time might be loſt in reaching the end of her journey.

BUT why, aſked ſhe, her eyes ſtill fixed on the man, who was now within ten yards of the parſonage, why do you call Fortune the mother of Misfortune?

BECAUSE, he replied, proſperity is the parent of a thouſand vices, and of courſe of a thouſand evils.

HE is actually alighting! ſhe exclaimed; let us walk on and meet him:

him: I am ſickening with impatience to know what he can want.

A PARISHIONER, perhaps, who may have occaſion for my attendance, he replied: and from the moment he had conceived that rational idea, they increaſed their ſpeed, that he might be the ſooner ready to perform what is certainly not the leaſt eſſential part of the holy function, that of ſtrewing the roſes of peace on the pillow of repentance.

THEY were now arrived at a point of view from which they could clearly diſcern the movements of the ſtranger; who having with an air of haſte and buſtle diſmounted, and faſtened

faſtened his horſe by the bridle to a gate, walked up to the door of the houſe, and knocked furiouſly with the end of his whip: a foot-man appeared—he ſpoke to him a moment—who ſeemed to direct him where he might ſpeak to his maſter: —he advanced directly towards them with a very quick ſtep.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The ſalutation—Queſtion and anſwer—Hopes cheriſhed—Hopes defeated—The conference continued—Alarms created—Certainty eſtabliſhed—The effects of ſurpriſe—A fainting fit—A recovery—A renewal of converſation—A novel begun—and an obſervation deferred.

BOOTED and ſpurred, with a ſhuffling gait, a glove in one hand, his whip in the other, the ſtranger approached—Mr. Armitage touched his hat—the man pulled his off, but inſtantly put it on again, as if he thought it would be too great a con-

condeſcenſion to ſtand before a country parſon uncovered; and perhaps, if he had not been anſwered at the door by a footman in livery, he might not have taken it off at all.

WHEN aſked what was the buſineſs that brought him thither; he replied, his lady had ſent him on before to the clergyman of the pariſh, who he underſtood was the ſame perſon to whom he was ſpeaking.

HERE Mrs. Armatage would have interrupted him, but he would not be interrupted — ſhe certainly had ſtrange and pleaſant hopes come into her head, which fluſhed her cheeks with

with the moſt lively expreſſion of animated expectation; but whatever they were, they all vaniſhed when the ſtranger continued to ſay, that his lady deſired every thing might be got in readineſs by four o'clock on the day following, as he might expect the body would be at the church by that hour.

THE good man fixed his eyes on the ſpeaker with a look of no little ſurpriſe—You have certainly made ſome miſtake, friend, ſaid he—I have heard of no death—I have been informed of no funeral—I find you are unacquainted with this part of the world, and ſhould have carried your directions to ſome other place, and have

have delivered them to ſome other perſon—I ſhall be glad if I can put you right.

I am right enough already, Sir, retorted the coxcomb, if this is the pariſh of Worthenton, and you are the parſon.

ASSUREDLY I am, and this is alſo the pariſh of Worthenton—but what then—what am I to underſtand?—Be ſo good as to explain yourſelf—who is your lady—and what body is it that ſhe intends to bring here for interment?

THE meſſenger ſtarted back ſeveral paces, cracked his whip with a motion

motion of vexation rather than inſolence, and cried out in great confuſion, God ſo! there muſt indeed, Sir, be ſome miſtake, as you ſay—but neither I nor my lady are to blame—I'll be ſworn, her ladyſhip's woman, Mrs. Davis, did write, and that I put her letter into the poſt-office with my own hands.

THESE alarming words, rendered infinitely more alarming by the name of Davis, who was well known to them as the perſonal ſervant of Mrs. Johnſon, and the only female one they had taken with them abroad, found their way to the hearts of the apprehenſive divine, and his ſtill more apprehenſive, terrified wife.—She caught

caught hold of the arm which ſhe had before quitted, and with a face paler than aſhes, exclaimed to the man, who ſeemed to partake of the general amazement—Speak plainer, whilſt I have life to hear you! who is your lady—who is Mrs. Davis—to whom was the letter directed?

THE name of Johnſon, pronounced with heſitation and trembling, ſuſpended the faculties of the enquirer, and ſhe ſunk down on the graſs, faintly calling on the name of Lady Gertrude!—It was near a quarter of an hour before either of them were enough recovered or collected to enter further into the examination of particulars.—Their ſenſes affirmed,

that death had overtaken one of the party —and ſympathy told them, that the blow had fallen upon Adelaide.

DURING the time Mrs. Armatage continued ſinking under the influence of a ſhock ſhe was not armed to reſiſt, the unlucky meſſenger ran to the houſe for aſſiſtance; and, before the ſervants came out with water, drops, and other reſtoratives, her affectionate huſband had placed himſelf by her on the ground, tenderly ſupported her head on his aching boſom, and ſaw, with as much pleaſure as he was then capable of feeling, her eyes open, and tears ruſh from them in abundance: when his people appeared, he waved his hand,

they underſtood his motion, and leaving the water within his reach, went back to the houſe.

HAVING adminiſtered the wholeſome cordial, and ſeen that ſhe was compoſed enough to hear and adopt his arguments, he reaſoned with her as a huſband whoſe own exiſtence depended upon her preſervation; as a divine, whoſe office it was to teach the leſſon of ſubmiſſion; and as a charitable chriſtian, who wiſhed her to call home her ſcattered ſpirits, that ſhe might be able to command them on the forlorn, in hope of reinforcing the ſtrength of that poor ſufferer who would feel the weight of a blow ſo unexpected,

much, very much more ſeverely than it had fallen on them! She liſtened —ſhe promiſed—and ſhe performed; which will not be doubted by ſuch as recollect that ſhe was ſoon after adminiſtering to the aſſiſtance of Lady Gertrude, ſtifling her own regrets in the ſorrows of that agonized parent.

SEEING her reſtored to a tolerable degree of compoſure, he led her into the houſe, and would have had her retire whilſt he further queſtioned the bearer of Mrs. Johnſon's meſſage; but ſhe refuſed to abſent herſelf during the examination: I know, ſaid ſhe, it will be excruciating! I know it will harrow up my ſoul!—but if I do

I do not harden myſelf to the taſk, how ſhall I ever be able to ſtand in the preſence of the dear miſerable!— A freſh guſt of grief came to her relief—ſhe deſired the man might be called in; but not being able to bear the ſight of one who had overwhelmed them all in ſo much affliction, ſhe ſat down in one corner of the room, and aſſuring her huſband ſhe would govern, though ſhe might not be able entirely to vanquiſh, her emotions, preſſed his hand, as if to thank him for the ſad indulgence ſhe had wrung from him, covered her face with a handkerchief, and remained ſilent.

It was Mrs. Johnſon's maitre-

d'hotel, for ſo he called himſelf, who came on this peſtilential errand: a native of Britain, and hired by her in France, where he loſt his maſter with whom he had travelled: he was received into her ſervice only one day before that great lady ſet out to convey the corps of Miſs Montreville back to that once happy, now deſolated ſpot, from whence ſhe had ſeduced her.

THERE was no more appearance of timidity, of reſpect to ſuperiors, or any particular traits of humanity in this man, above what is generally to be found in moſt other upper ſervants of his deſcription; yet he ſeemed penetrated by the effects his meſ-

ſage

ſage had produced; and when ſummoned to ſhew himſelf again before the perſon whom, in conſideration of his function, he did not think it neceſſary at firſt to treat with too much ceremony, he came into his preſence much confuſed and humbled — he gave the account of himſelf which I have given to the reader, with theſe additions, that hearing Mrs. Johnſon wanted a ſervant, in the room of one who had left her to follow another family, for the ſake of travelling farther into foreign parts; and being alſo told by one of his own countrymen that it was a very good place, he went immediately to ſeek after it, but ſaw only the lady's woman, Mrs. Davis, who informed him ſhe would

ſpeak for him to her miſtreſs, as ſoon as ſhe could be ſpoken to; but that at preſent ſhe ſaw nobody, taking on ſo prodigiouſly for the death of a young lady who ſhe had brought with her into France, that ſhe ſeemed more deſirous to go after her to heaven, than ſtay where ſhe was—It is by the good offices, he added, of Mrs. Davis, that I ſucceeded to the vacant place, and the firſt time I ſaw her, ſhe aſked me to put a letter for her into the poſt-houſe: Take great care of it, ſaid ſhe, or I do not know what will become of us all, for it is a long epiſtle that I have been writing about Miſs Montreville's death, and directions for the funeral, to her brother, who my lady expects daily, but

but hopes he will get it in time to prevent his coming.—I did as ſhe deſired; and, as you know nothing of the matter, Sir, I cannot think what is become of the letter!

HAVE you never heard, aſked Mr. Armatage, by what diſorder Miſs Montreville was cut off?

OH yes! cried he, having by this time conquered the ſentiment of concern that kept down ſome part of his natural aſſurance, I have heard as much perhaps as if I had lived in the family ten years; Mrs. Davis is a mighty communicative, worthy woman, and has told me every thing.

THEN, I pray you, tell me all that you do know; returned his interrogator.

THAT I ſhall readily do, Sir, ſaid the man of riſing courage and growing importance, and I give you my honour, as Mrs. Davis told it to me, i is quite a little novel—Mr. Armatage at that moment could have caned him, but wanting to gain information he put on the armour of patience, which at once made him impervious to the ſhafts of ignorance, and incapable of wrath.

THE *maitre-d'hotel* finding he had leave to talk as much as he pleaſed, and having, no doubt, a predilection for

for entering on a ſubject where he could often introduce his very great favourite, Mrs. Davis, entered on his little novel in the following words.

Mrs. Davis has often told me, Sir, that the young lady, whoſe body is now within thirty miles of this very ſpot, and will be nearer before they put up for the night, was as handſome a lady, and as good a lady as ever drew breath.

Mr. Armatage groaned——his wife ſighed——but neither of them ſpoke.

Mrs. Davis ſays, Miſs Montreville might have been married to the beſt

gentlemen in France, when firſt ſhe was ſeen in that country; but that ſoon after, ſhe loſt a great deal of her beauty: for you know, Sir, as Mrs. Davis obſerves——Mrs. Davis's obſervation, if worth any thing, is too good for the end of a chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Mrs. Davis's obſervation brought forward, and affords a wholeſome leſſon to young ladies—A great deal of communication, out of which very little is to be made—The wit of a maitre-d'hotel, and the policy of a waiting maid—The pariſh prieſt in his own carriage.

AS Mrs. Davis obſerves, ſaid the narrator of his own little novel, when young ladies will not eat—cannot ſleep—do nothing but vex, fret, and weep, day and night—the roſes will fade—yes, ſir, the roſes will fade, as Mrs. Davis obſerves; and when young ladies are no longer handſome, they are no longer admired.

WILL you be ſo good, my friend, to come to the point, ſaid Mr. Armatage, and tell me what occaſioned this change in the diſpoſition and perſon of Miſs Montreville, exactly as you heard them accounted for by Mrs. Davis.

TRUE, Sir, very true; I ſhould have mentioned that circumſtance firſt—Has not the young lady loſt her father lately?

YES; but it is three months ſince Sir Thomas Montrevillle died.

No matter for that, Sir; Mrs. Davis aſſures me, Miſs never held up her head, as one may ſay, after that time, inſo-

inſomuch that my lady and her daughters wore themſelves to ſkeletons, in going about trying to divert her; but ſhe always ſaid ſhe ſhould ſoon follow the old gentleman, and nothing they could ſay or do would pleaſe her.

HERE Mrs. Armatage, dropping the handkerchief from her face, and ſtarting on her feet, exclaimed—Impoſſible! Never was ſuch another amiable temper as Miſs Montreville's! It could never have altered ſo ſtrangely—She had no pleaſure but in pleaſing others!—Oh, that ſhe had never left the wing of her fond mother!—She claſped her hands together, and wrung them in agony.

HER

HER huſband, who ſeemed to fear theſe ungovernable tranſports might throw a reſtraint on the communicative meſſenger, whom, for certain reaſons, he rather wiſhed to encourage, begged ſhe would moderate her feelings, and conſider how much they were obliged to the perſon who was ſo willing to give them all the information he was able, of the beginning and progreſs of that diſorder, the event of which had been fatal to numbers as well as themſelves; it being impoſſible to know Miſs Montreville and not to lament her.

EXACTLY! the very words, Sir, that Mrs. Davis has often ſaid to me —But had I not better ſtop, Sir; the lady

lady ſeems much diſturbed—I have been a married man myſelf, and know that all ladies are vaſtly nervous.

By no means! by no means! my wife will ſoon get better. She had already taken the hint her good man intended, and was returned to her former ſtation.

Well, Sir, Mrs. Davis has aſſured me often, upon her honour, that ſhe did not know which would die firſt, her Lady, or Miſs; for, when ſhe grew very ſick, and the doctors ſaid ſhe was going into a galloping conſumption, Mrs. Davis could hardly keep life in my lady; and often have I myſelf, ſince I attended her ladyſhip

on

on the journey, when ſtanding behind her chair, heard her ſay to Mrs. Davis—Remember what I tell you, Davis, I ſhall not long ſurvive my dear couſin.

DID Miſs Montreville die in Paris, or where did ſhe die?

O Lord! Sir, not at Paris; it is the worſt place in the world for ſick folks. The doctors ſent her away from thence eight days before—Mrs. Davis did tell me, but I proteſt I have forgot where.—The body was brought back to the capital, and my lady had it lie in ſtate five days, as if Miſs had been a princeſs, till her ladyſhip had got permiſſion to move it to the caſtle—

the

the young lady's laſt words being a deſire that her coffin might be laid by the ſide of her father's: this leave was obtained with much difficulty; but there is nobody who does buſineſs like my lady;—and then for a funeral! I believe you will ſay, Sir, when it comes here, that you never ſaw a prettier one in your life; my lady ordered it all herſelf, every bit of it.—The beſt undertaker in town met us at Dover an hour after we landed.—The family went on to London, and my lady with Mrs. Davis, as chief mourners, follows the herſe in a black coach, drawn by ſix of as fine horſes as any in England — mutes — feathers — every thing taſty and in the higheſt ſtyle—quite

the

the tippi, Sir; juſt as you would wiſh it put out of hand.

Mr. Armatage, who, if he did not liſten to this fantaſtical detail and more bombaſtical deſcription with patience, contrived as well he could to curb his impatience, now aſked, How it could have happened that Miſs Montreville's family had never been appriz-ed of her illneſs? and, if Mrs. Davis had ever let him into their motives for a ſilence ſo unaccountable?

That queſtion I can anſwer with the greateſt eaſe and pleaſure, ſaid the important retailer of Mrs. Davis's declarations and opinions; by the greateſt good fortune, tête-à-tête one day

day with Mrs. Davis, finding myſelf ſomehow at a loſs for ſomething to ſay, I was wondering how it happened that none of Miſs's relations had come over to take care of her when ſhe was ſick.—Lord! Mr. Marlow, ſaid Mrs. Davis, how you talk! as if ſhe wanted any body's care but my lady's.—I am ſure ſhe could not have been better waited on if ſhe had been a queen.—I have no doubt of it, Ma'am, ſaid I, but the thing is natural, that one ſhould wiſh to ſee the very laſt of one's relations, when they are well in the world, and do not want to drag the laſt ſhilling out of our ſcanty purſe to pay the piper; ſo as Miſs was rich, and her friends the ſame, every thing

ſhould

ſhould have been done in ſtile. Why, Sir, ſaid ſhe, they could not have come if they would, for Miſs Montreville determined not to fret her mama and her brother by telling them ſhe was ill.

UNFORTUNATE tenderneſs! muttered Mr. Armatage.

AND Miſs alſo made my lady and my young ladies as good as take their bible oath, ſaid Mrs. Davis, not to write about it; ſo that her brother, her mother, or her ſweetheart, could know nothing of the matter. What! ſaid I, Ma'am, Miſs had a ſweetheart then in her own country?—You will excuſe me, Sir, for being a little funny

funny with Mrs. Davis; but where one has an opportunity to be ſmart, hit or miſs, out it comes.—O! my dear Ma'am, ſays I, if there is a ſweetheart in the caſe I know where the ſhoe will pinch moſt:—and then I wondered, as I told her, why ſhe had not informed the young gentleman unknowing to any body; obſerving, it muſt have been a fine feather in her cap; for, ſays I, if the gentleman was any thing like a gentleman, he would, no doubt, have come down handſomely for ſuch good intelligence.—Says ſhe, I might have done as you adviſe, Mr. Marlow; but my Lady would have ſent me about my buſineſs, or any ſervant in the houſe, who ſhould

dare

dare to have vexed her dear couſin, by ſpreading abroad what Miſs Montreville would keep to herſelf; and you know, Mr. Marlow, ſaid ſhe, a bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh.

HERE Mr. Armatage, being informed that the clerk whom he had ſent for to receive orders was come, felt that he ſhould be no loſer by getting rid of his prating intelligencer, from whom he coud expect nothing more, and from whom he had not gained much; he therefore civilly ſent him to the kitchen, and ſaid he would ſee him again on his return from the caſtle.—The perſon who was to take directions came into the

the room, and, in the midſt of receiving them, Marlow ſtepped back with a pocket-book open in his hand, and haſtily taking a paper out of it, begged pardon for not having remembered to deliver it before. He ſaid it came from his lady, who had given him many charges to take care of it.

Mr. Armatage, being very buſy in explaining himſelf to the pariſh-clerk, put the paper into his pocket without looking at it, and, in a fit of abſence, occaſioned more by the ſhock his mind had ſuſtained than by any conſtitutional defect, thought of it no more for many hours after it was in his poſſeſſion; his wife was not preſent at this tranſaction, ſo

could not put him in mind of it —She had gone out the moment before, to abate the redneſs of her eyes by waſhing them in cold water, and to ſtrengthen her reſolution by reaſoning on the neceſſity of her not appearing to Lady Gertrude with the appendages of woe in her countenance, till the occaſion of that woe had been fully accounted for—But this difficult taſk was not half accompliſhed when ſhe was called upon by her good man to accompany him on the diſmal errand. He had ordered their carriage to be got ready, ſenſible that her trembling limbs would never ſupport her to the caſtle —it was now at the door, they ſtepped into it, and ſhe took with her

every thing that could be uſeful on the firſt alarm, before the ſervants might be able to procure ſuch reſtoratives as ſhe knew would be wanting.

THE drive was a ſhort one, but lengthened a little by their going out of the direct road to call on the phyſician, to tell him the dreadful blow that had fallen on the Montreville family, and to requeſt his immediate attendance.—He was not at home, but every moment expected to return. A note, which, in that caſe, had been prepared for him, was left with his ſervant; and they were hardly out of ſight, when he opened it, and became almoſt as great a vic-

tim to ſurpriſe and ſorrow as themſelves.

If you want to know what ſort of a carriage was kept by my friends at the parſonage, I ſhall tell you, without boaſting, that it was more ſuited to their convenience than to their pretenſions; it was a neat plain poſt-chaiſe, without any ornament whatever, except thoſe very reſpectable arms their birth entitled them to quarter. His amiable Harriet had brought him ten thouſand pounds: his living was eight hundred a year, and his perſonal eſtate between eleven and twelve hundred.—They grudged nothing to comfort, nor laviſhed any thing on ſhew; but I ſuppoſe you will ſay they

they muſt be ſquanderers, when I tell you they did not lay up one ſhilling of their income, though they had no children to divide it with them.—I do not deny that they made ſeveral valuable purchaſes—but their title-deeds are not to be found in any earthly records; yet I know they were ſecurely regiſtered in heaven.

CHAP. IV.

A ſhort prayer—A ſhort conteſt—A ſhort compromiſe—A ſhort comment—No tautology—An action in itſelf diſhonourable, by circumſtances rendered honourable—An Abigail's epiſtle—Hypocriſy unmaſked—The miniſter of patience out of patience—A ſoliloquy.

GOD's will be done! cried the pious prieſt, breaking ſilence as they came within ſight of the caſtle; for neither of them had truſted to the ſtrength of their own voice during their little drive—God's will be done! and may he give me ſtrength to perform the miſſion to which I am appointed!

I CAN-

I CANNOT, indeed I cannot go in with you, ſaid Mrs. Armatage, her lips quivering, and forcing her tears to retreat back, which had furiouſly ruſhed into her eyes at the ſight of the turret-window, where ſhe had ſo often beheld Miſs Montreville expreſſing her pleaſure by ſmiles and nods, when they were expected, and as ſhe ſtood there watching their approach.

I WILL not aſk you, my love, ſaid her tender huſband, to exert yourſelf beyond what you think you are able to bear. Let me get out here, and I will order the ſervants to convey you home.

O NO! ſhe replied, it is not that I want to ſpare myſelf; I am afraid of nothing but ſeeing Lady Gertrude before you have broke the dreadful charm of happineſs by which ſhe is at this very moment faſcinated.

WELL then, ſaid he, follow me to the door of the dreſſing-room; wait there a few minutes, and when your aſſiſtance is neceſſary I will call upon you to exert your reſolution.

WITH all my heart, returned ſhe, much revived by this ſhort reſpite. If I do not ſee the ſtroke given, I ſhall not feel it half ſo ſeverely. In one caſe I may be uſeful, in the other a poor miſerable incumbrance, who, inſtead

inſtead of beſtowing aid, ſhall probably ſtand in need of receiving it.

In the mean time, I will, returned her huſband, leave my beloved Harriet this conſideration, on which ſhe may ruminate, and turn it to advantage in the future arrangement of her thoughts—The flower that is cut down is fully ripe for its removal to the garden of Paradiſe.

She could make him no anſwer—the carriage ſtopped—he lifted her out—they went into the houſe together, their ſteps tottering, and their hearts failing.

The dreaded interview being al-

ready over, "and nought ſo tedious "as a twice-told tale," far be it from me to tire you with repetitions. You have heard with what tender caution Mr. Armatage broke the melancholy tidings.—You have ſeen how Lady Gertrude ſupported them:—ſo let us leave her, under the ſoothing care of his excellent wife, who, for the firſt forty-eight hours, did not forſake the pillow of her afflicted friend, and follow him back to the room, where he had executed the arduous commiſſion impoſed on him by friendſhip, by humanity, and by the duties of his holy function.

You will recollect, my readers, that I ſpoke to you of a letter which

had fallen into the hands of Lady Gertrude, directed to Sir William Montreville; and you may alſo remember Mrs. Johnſon's meſſenger having ſaid, that he had, with his own hands, put one into the poſt-office from Mrs. Davis, to acquaint that gentleman with the death of his ſiſter: this aſſertion had occupied as much of Mr. Armatage's thoughts, even in the preſence of Lady Gertrude, as could be ſpared from her diſtreſs, and his own peculiar hard taſk in making her behold it. His eyes had glanced to the place where ſhe had, juſt before he came in, depoſited the collection of that days poſt; and he had ſaid to himſelf—Surely I ſhall find it there—and now came back to

examine if any ſuch letter was amongſt them as might be ſuppoſed to come from Mrs. Davis.

THAT which bore the foreign poſt-mark, and was imagined by the ſelf-deceived mother to contain ſolicitations from ſome needy petitioner, was the very one he fixed upon as moſt likely to be the production of a waiting-gentlewoman. He had made many reflections on the method taken by Mrs. Johnſon to communicate an event ſo fatal, as well as on her ſilence reſpecting the illneſs of Miſs Montreville: but theſe reflections being of no importance to the hiſtory, I paſs them over.

HAVING

HAVING dropped the ſuſpected letter into the very ſame pocket with the paper delivered to him by the maitre d'hotel, he walked quietly back to the parſonage, and produced it for the inſpection of that important perſonage, before he would venture to break the ſeal; who, by aſſuring him it was the ſame, removed all thoſe delicate ſcruples that had retarded his immediate enquiries, and he retired into his cloſet to give its contents an uninterrupted peruſal.

THOUGH this letter was not directed to himſelf, but addreſſed to another, he opened it with as clear a conſcience as he ever performed any other good action of his life; and if

you are content to partake the treaſures of eloquence ſo come at, I bid you welcome to the entertainment, though it will coſt you ſome labour to find out of what it is compoſed.

BILLET thus ſuperſcribed:

Toe ſur wilum monthervile att they chaſthell inn they pariſh off wothingtonge hengland

Sur wilum monthervile

I writs bye horder off mi god laddye madham iohnſun toe hacquaint youre onhour off they ſade deeth thate hav appenhead inn hour ouſe an mad ous ale a poore pitifool ſubſtracted fammiley halas mi god ſur they poore der yong laddey youre ſeſter hav tacken hir flit hopwords an mi tinder

arted

arted laddyes hav bin inn hardde fits hever cince mis monthervile depart-head hout off thiſe heir lif poore der ſols the tack hon ſoo butterley the cante iff youre onour wood giv they whorld ſpake a cincibel whord yet throw mis hav bin ded thre hole dais an a bite an yet mi poore der laddyes ar know bitterer fore they longh tim thate hav relapſed cince hour butter mis fortin mi god laddey hops youre onhor whill knot mak youre ſelph unheaſy has ſhee hav gotte leſe too bringe mis hoome too they chaſthell too bee berried inn youre fammiley fault has wase mises own riquiſte mi miſter an mi laddey an mi yong laddyes percent thaer beſst means an hop too fine ale inn radineſs fore mis

too

too bee putt has nare hur pappas ſid has is convenant bye tim wee cums to curch witch whill bee inn a forte-nit moore or les iff thyngs gooze hon ſoo feverabel has the doſe hat prheſent written fore the hembaſendoor hav promaſed thate miſes chorpe ſhal bee hindoulged inn a tower too hir der contry ware ſhee mitily weſshed fore too goo aftere ſhee ware departhead hout off theiſe heir lif the fever beeinge hardde too hobtain mi laddey hops youre onhor whill giv youre paſſon horders to hopen youre faults bye tim wee cums an i hops hiſs riverence whill give ous a ſurmount hon they occhaſion i bags youre on-hor too pardin mi boldeneſs an they paſſon too throw i am butt a ſervent

i wiſshes

i wiſshes too bee reſoormed an howe cann wee liffing ſols bee butter reformed thane bye earing whate his ſaed too they ded whith mi umbel duti too youre onhor i ham fore mi laddey an ſelph i ham ſur wilum monthervile

mouſt hobighent an
greate foole umbel
ſervent till deeth
margaret daves.

phoſt creep

mi laddey ſeas i mouſt ſea ſhee ſhal cum an ſlip a knit att they chaſthell with chorpes.

THE reverend Mr. Armatage went through this curious epiſtle, as may be ſuppoſed, very ſlowly; he had firſt to

to dive for the characters, next for their expreſſion, and after all for a purpoſe to which he might apply them in defiance of common grammar and commonſenſe:—he then thought of the billet put into his hands by Marlow, and drew it from his pocket, neither did he look at the ſuperſcription, being told it was for him, and came from Mrs. Johnſon; but ſevered the ſeal with little ceremony, and leſs good humour; the *phoſt-creep* of the letter he had juſt finiſhed, hinting at a viſit from Mrs. Johnſon, filling him with no pleaſant ideas; but all his other emotions gave way to that of ſurpriſe, when, looking on the hand, he ſaw it was the ſame with what he had been trying to decypher; and,

examining

examining more minutely, found it was directed to a female friend of Mrs. Margaret Davis, and by no means calculated for his inſpection, as you will confeſs, when I treat you with the ſight of it.

BILLET thus ſuperſcribed:

To madamoſſella gackline
Der mem

Mi lady hav knot hard frome youe a longh tim wee hops youe are ſtile att they chaſthell mi laddey ſeas youe mouſt writ a woord too ſea howe miſes deeth his tacken bye they owld laddey an ſur wilum an whote ſarte off welchome wee ar lick to hav mi laddey an i ſuphoſes wee ſhal bee blacke ſheip whith hir laddeyſheep

wee

wee arr inn ſin ſperrets fore ale thate mis lies cloaſs enuff mi yong miſter whill hav hiſs deſſerts an wee ſhal ale bee has mery has grigeſs too morow wen know bodi ſe ous an yit wee mouſt purtend too bee has ſory has they beſst off theme i cane writ know moore miſter malow hour new maiter hothell wates fore mi epeſtel an youe mouſt no der mem miſter malow his ſouch a ſwett fellor thate ſhud hee ax mee fore mi ſelph inſtid off mi epeſtel i would knot lit hime weight a momeant ſo know moore att precent mi der mem frome youre loaſing frind tile deeth

margaret davis

WHAT-

WHATEVER was felt and ſtifled on reading the firſt of this lady's productions, it was but a feeble expreſſion of that ſentiment by which he was agitated on peruſing the ſecond: he ſtamped his foot againſt the floor, and exclaimed, perhaps with more than epiſcopal fervour—Baſe hypocrite!—ſavage unnatural monſter!—thou haſt worried the lamb to death; thou haſt ſcattered the flock, and yet, not contented, thou wouldeſt come to feed upon their forſaken paſture—Never ſhall the caſtle open its gates to receive the deſtroyer of its peace—in the abſence of Sir William, I! yes, I will be the guardian of his martyred mother!

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The maitre d'hotel ſuddenly diſmiſſed with only half a meſſage—Montreville arms—Great preparations for a great lady—Origin of the Montreville arms—A little of the hoſteſs, but not ſo much as will be ſaid of her hereafter; and the reaſon why ſhe is mentioned at all in this part of the hiſtory.

I CONCLUDED my laſt chapter with the manly and pious reſolution of Mr. Armatage not to admit Mrs. Johnſon within the caſtle walls, that the ſacred ſorrows of Lady Gertrude might not be profaned by mingling with thoſe of a hypocrite: he next determined to keep

keep both theſe genuine ſpecimens of deceit for the inſpection of Sir William Montreville, and to ſay nothing of the miſtake by which he came poſſeſſed of the laſt billet, unleſs found out by the perſon who had made it; which did not happen till a long time after he was gone from the parſonage; and then, without ſaying he had committed a blunder, he got himſelf off with the ladies by pretending to have loſt his pocket-book, which muſt have been ſtole from him, he ſaid, at a dirty ale-houſe, where he had ſtopped to refreſh himſelf, and obſerved, he never ſaw ſo many ill-looking travellers as got about him whilſt he ſtood at the door:—the lie paſſed, his negligence

was

was reprehended, and no more was ſaid about it—But to return where I left off.

On the meſſenger appearing to receive the lateſt commands of Mr. Armatage, he was directed to ſignify to his employer that ſhe could neither be lodged nor received at the caſtle; adviſing him to go to the Montreville Arms, a houſe of public entertainment in the village, and there order what accommodations he thought proper for the reception of his miſtreſs: Tell her, ſaid he, that her appearance at the caſtle would not fail of being deſtructive to Lady Gertrude, whoſe life already hangs on ſo ſlender a thread, that the leaſt

exertion

exertion muſt cut it aſunder:—tell her—he could ſay no more—big drops rolled down his face, and he turned haſtily away to hide them, waving his hand, as much as to ſay, Go—you have got your meſſage.

Do you wiſh to know what he would further have ſaid, if his paſſions had conſented to the effort he had made:—Tell her—he wanted to add—that the miſerable mother of Miſs Montreville was kept in ignorance of the day when the remains of her daughter would be brought thither for interment—that all caution would be obſerved to prevent the intelligence from reaching her—that not a bell ſhould announce the arrival, whoſe

ſound might penetrate the awful receſs where her griefs were ſheltered.

SUCH was the meſſage Mr. Armatage certainly intended to ſend, could he have delivered it with his uſual ſteadineſs; but, wanting that fortitude which ſeldom deſerted him, the man went off with as much of his intentions as he could articulate; the reſt he carried with him into his cloſet, and brooded over them with all the luxury of ſadneſs.—One of his purpoſes I muſt not omit to tell you:—it was to meet the dear remains as ſoon as they entered the village, to prevent any tumúlts that might ariſe, were they to reſt but one hour in the view of a grateful multitude, attached to Miſs Montreville

Montreville by every tie that could endear ſplendour to poverty.

I AM always ſorry to leave good people, and Mr. Armatage was a good man in every ſenſe of the word; and what grieves me more than all the reſt is, that I muſt not only leave him alone, but the prey of melancholy, to tell you that the *maitre d'hotel* turned back to the town where he knew his lady intended to repoſe that night: he was ſorry to carry ſuch tidings, as he gueſſed beforehand would not be very acceptable, having ſuppoſed his lady much more ſanguine than ſhe happened to be in her expectations of at leaſt a civil reception at the caſtle;

but no ſooner did he underſtand from the miſtreſs of the Montreville Arms that, though ſhe had changed her name and ſituation, Madam Johnſon would rejoice to ſee her, than he diſmiſſed much of his diſcontent at the thoughts of what would be her diſappointment, when told there was no admittance for her under the ſame roof with Lady Gertrude—he immediately ſettled that his miſtreſs ſhould dine with Mrs. Vernon the day following, and beſpoke ſuch a profuſion of good things, as would, he hoped, knowing his lady liked good things, reconcile her to the mortifying conſequence of his interview with Mr. Armatage.

THE Montreville Arms is a very

reſpectable looking inn, ſituated about a mile from the caſtle, but not more than half as far from the pariſh church. It was built by Sir Thomas, for the convenience of accommodating ſuch ſtrangers as came to ſee his beautiful water-falls—his fine paintings, and plantations—of all which he was not a little vain; and would have held any man in ſovereign contempt (as far as related to the article of taſte) if he would not have ridden a hundred miles, without a ſaddle, to behold and do homage to the wonders that he—nature—and the firſt artiſts in the world, had created and arranged between them.

BESIDES this, Sir Thomas had

another, and full as laudable motive for building a houſe of entertainment ſo near his own: in conſulting what would pleaſe himſelf he did not forget the gratification of his neighbours and tenants, who found it a great ſolace to be ſupplied from this inn with horſes or a chaiſe whenever their neceſſities required ſuch ſort of indulgences.

Mrs. Vernon was the identical young woman whom her patroneſs, Mrs. Johnſon, had placed near the perſon of her grandmother, in the triple capacity of ſpy, informer, and chief attendant: at the death of Mrs. Oſmond, ſhe found her ſervices rewarded by the very handſome legacy of

of one thouſand pounds; whether by her own, or by the bequeſt of her miſtreſs, has never yet been lawfully aſcertained, becauſe never diſputed: though there is all the reaſon in the world to ſuppoſe that ſhe was under no obligation for this increaſe of fortune to any body but herſelf: ſome how or other, this legacy was ſuppoſed to have been edged in amongſt the few inſtructions ſet down in her own hand by the old lady's verbal directions, it being the only ſmall gift by which her will was diſtinguiſhed.

ANOTHER piece of good-luck happened to this favourite of fortune about the ſame time—the Montreville Arms, ſo celebrated for its conveniences and deſirable ſituation, being

untenanted, ſhe propoſed herſelf to Sir Thomas, and was accepted: ſhe then announced her being the wife of Mr. Vernon, to whom ſhe had been privately married ſome months before; and Mr. Vernon, though in the ſervice of a noble peer, ſoon joined his amiable ſpouſe at the Montreville Arms inn, tavern, and hotel, to aſſiſt her in doing the honours of the bar.

I MENTION this ſhort ſhetch of Mrs. Vernon's domeſtic arrangements as a hint to my readers, by which they may know, that whenever Mrs. Johnſon arrives at the Montreville Arms, ſhe will meet with an old friend in a new landlady.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Heterogeneous deſcription and no deſcription.

MRS. Johnſon's maitre-d'hotel went, as I ſaid he would do, to the place where his miſtreſs was to ſleep, but did not ſee her that night, becauſe ſhe was gone to bed before he got there—neither could he ſpeak to Mrs. Davis, becauſe Mrs. Davis having very lady-like, that is to ſay very tender, ſpirits, eſpecially when travelling with a corpſe, had told her miſtreſs, that ſhe would almoſt as ſoon

keep company with a ghoſt as with a coffin, it put her ſo much in mind of the other world! and her miſtreſs, who was ever indulgent to this flower of all waiting-maids, had not only ſympathized in her terrors, but permitted her to occupy as large a ſhare of her own bed as ſhe could ſpare to any body, which was by no means an equal diviſion. However, as one was all fleſh, and the other all bone, they did pretty well together; the lady was pleaſed to have a nocturnal companion on ſo diſmal a journey, and Mrs. Margaret Davis—where could Mrs Margaret Davis be half ſo ſecure from the fears of coffins and hobgoblins as in the preſence, even repoſing by the very ſide of her

her innocent lady, with a candle burning in the chimney, and the curtains all drawn close round them! As I never have desired that evil should fall on the heads of those who have wofully deserved it, why should I not wish Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Margaret a good night? they might have disturbed the happiness of others, mine they have never molested: good night, then, and if you have ever been wicked, may you also be penitent; it is the very worst wish that I have for the very worst of my enemies.

THE next morning, as soon as Mrs. Johnson had forcibly opened her sealed-down eyes, she enquired if

her ſervant was come back whom ſhe had ſent the day before to the parſon of Worthenton pariſh; and being anſwered in the affirmative, commanded his immediate attendance.

SHE was ſitting compoſedly at breakfaſt, attended only by her own ſimpering ready hand-maiden, Mrs. Margaret Davis, when the important valet made his appearance, in conſequence of the ſummons he had received from his miſtreſs; by whom he was honoured with a very long audience, and to whom he very faithfully related the conſequence of his journey to Worthenton, and delivered the meſſage he brought from Mr. Armatage exactly enough, if he had not

ſeaſoned

ſeaſoned it with a little more acrimony than ever fell from the lips of that gentleman—perhaps he had the ſkill of looking into what paſſed in the heart of Lady Gertrude's friend, and might there read much more than the divine thought proper to expreſs.

Mrs. Johnſon, with a dignity of ſoul which we are to ſuppoſe might have its foundation in ſelf-applauſe, calmly liſtened to the rather-exaggerated account of her *maitre-d'hotel*'s interview with the pariſh prieſt, and his unaccountable impertinence in forbidding her approach to the caſtle. Good creature! full of that ſentiment commonly called the milk of

human kindneſs, ſhe only ſmiled at the errors of another leſs perfect than herſelf, and quietly obſerved, that ſuch ſort of treatment from any of Lady Gertrude Montreville's creatures, was no more than ſhe expected; it was very natural, and even pardonable, that her ladyſhip ſhould feel her own diſappointment, and envy the good fortune of her family.

Mrs. Margaret Davis was not half ſo clear of gall as her gentle miſtreſs, but taking up the argument where ſhe let it down, *purteſted* young *miſter* Johnſon was worth a thouſand of the folks at the caſtle; that, for her part, ſhe had all her life abominated *paſſons*, they carried on a mean

piddling trade, in which there was ſo little employment, that, for want of more to do, they were the moſt meddling, buſy, fidgeting bodies in the *keraſion*—to which obſervation ſhe added this happy climax, that ſhe had rather live an old maid all the days of her life, than marry a *paſſon*.

MRS. Johnſon reprimanded her a *little*—and to ſhew that ſhe bore no ill-will to Mr. Armatage, for his ſpite againſt her, ſhe checked Mrs. Margaret's freedom, by very good-naturedly taking the weaker ſide, and ſaying, there was no harm in being a parſon, if they would keep themſelves to themſelves, and not trouble their

their heads about the conſciences of other people; then, indeed, ſhe admitted they were officious and deteſtable.

THIS friendly altercation paſſed between the miſtreſs and maid, after the man-ſervant was diſmiſſed; but, before he left the room, Mrs. Johnſon had aſked him a thouſand little queſtions about her old favourite, Madame Vernon, of the Montreville Arms, ſeeming mightily pleaſed that ſhe was to take up her reſidence there, rather than at the caſtle, where nothing but tears, moaning, and ſour looks were to be expected: ſhe knew how ſhe ſhould be looked upon under that roof,

but

but their hate was quite as welcome as their love: they had ſwindled her ſon once out of his eſtate, but bleſſed be Heaven they could not play their baſe tricks over again—to this ejaculation of pious gratitude, ſhe meekly added, that if ſhe happened to like the ſituation of the *hotel*, and could be accommodated with a decent apartment, ſhe might, perhaps, in that caſe, ſtay there a few weeks, to recruit her poor ſhattered ſpirits, taking care, however, that her eyes ſhould never be contaminated, as long as ſhe ſtaid in their odious neighbourhood, by the oſtentatious inhabitants of the lordly manſion, or their ſervile, interfering dependents.

If any apology is expected for, or reaſon why this placid lady ſhould, all at once, lay aſide her habitual compoſure, and deſcend to invectives, I can only make the one, or give the other, by obſerving, that though the habit of meekneſs ſeemed to fit her very well on the preſent occaſion, it is poſſible that it may not belong to her, at leaſt not adhere ſo much to her conſtitution, but that ſhe could put it on and take it off at her own pleaſure, as circumſtances ſhould make it commodious, or otherwiſe.

The hearſe had ſet off from the the Child and Eagle ſome hours before Mrs. Johnſon ordered her own well-covered ſable carriage to the door,

door, and when ſhe had ſtepped into it, followed by Mrs. Margaret Davis, ſhe bid the poſtillions drive as faſt as their horſes could go, or that ſhe ſhould not be able to overtake the cavalcade before it had entered the village of Worthenton — I deſpiſe, cried ſhe, the Montrevilles, and all that belong to them, but they ſhall never have it to alledge, that I have neglected my duty to a daughter of their houſe. Whilſt delivering this ſtricture on the propriety of her own immaculate conduct, the grooms were mounted, the ſtep was put up, the hoſt had made one of his profoundeſt bows, wiſhing her ladyſhip a pleaſant journey, the poſtillions had reſted their toes in the ſtirrup, the command

mand was given that they were to proceed by Mrs. Johnſon herſelf—Go on, was announced in an audible tone of voice, and the mourning coach, with its merry contents, was out of ſight in a moment.

How ſublime, and how beautiful are the poet's obſervations upon external appearances of grief, when he deſcribes ſuch ſort of people as I have been deſcribing, and tells us—

"They bear about the mockery of woe."
&c. &c.

Such were the woes of Mrs. Johnſon, and ſo did ſhe bear them about: but not of the ſame complexion were the

the woes of Lady Gertrude Montreville.

My gracious reader, am I expected to give you a very particular detail of a ſcene by which you and I may happen to be differently affected? —You may ſhudder at the laſt entrance of the once-beloved Adelaide into her native village; I might envy it, becauſe it appears to have been the end of her troubles and the beginning of her happineſs.

Shall I rehearſe the ſplendid pageantry that decked the vehicle in which her cold remains were conveyed to the burial-place of her anceſtors? ſhall I bring before the ſicken-

ſickening ſight of your imagination, the velvet palls and virgin plumes that decorated the unconſcious horſes, as they proudly drew along the faded pride of mortal lovelineſs? ſhall I tell you of the thouſand tears of affection, veneration, and the moſt lively gratitude, that were ſhed over the lid of that coffin, which for ever ſhut up the adored object of as many hearts as there were ſpectators aſſembled to witneſs the cloſing ſcene. No, reader, no! there is not one of you that can have the ſame cauſe to think ſo lightly of life as I do; and it is for your ſakes therefore, that I turn aſide from ſuch repreſentations; too much of the reality of ſorrow is a tax I would not lay upon you; I had rather ſpare you from

from pain than promote it; but, the tears—the ſobs—the groans—the wringing of hands—the hyſterics—and the fainting fits of Mrs. Johnſon—though extremely well acted—I would have ventured to deſcribe them if they had not been very much beyond my ſmall powers of deſcription.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The prieſt and the fine lady—Equality not neceſſary to friendſhip, and other matters.

MRS. Johnſon was ſo much taken up with the part ſhe had to act, or ſomething elſe, that ſhe had not condeſcended to beſtow a word or look on the Man of God, from the time he joined the proceſſion, when advanced within the precincts of his pariſh, to the end of that ſolemn ſervice, the performance of which ſorely grieved his heart, though the manner

ner of performing it gave additional dignity to his ſacred and holy function: nay, ſo deeply was he engaged on the duties of his office, that he did not endeavour to attract the artificial mourner's attention towards himſelf; and though he knew there were ſome valuable livings in the gift of her family, he did not ſend his eyes begging that way: once, indeed, he did turn them upon her, filled with meaning, and not by accident, it was in the moſt awful part of the ſervice, that he deſired ſhe would moderate her violent expreſſions of grief or he ſhould not be able to proceed with ſatisfaction to himſelf, or benefit to his hearers.

THIS freedom was not ſo reſpectfully received as it deſerved; and perceiving that neither his compaſſion nor approbation were intereſted in his requeſt of moderation, ſo far from its taking effect, by producing a reform, the only return that ſhe made to the ſternneſs of his glance, or the ſeverity of his reproach, was a ſcornful look of defiance, and a double portion of tumultuous and extravagant affliction.

THE ſolemn ceremony, notwithſtanding the many interruptions ſhe gave it, was at laſt got over, when the prieſt and the fine lady parted as they had met, in ſilence, and with the moſt

moſt ſovereign contempt for each other. Mr. Armatage turned his face towards the caſtle, to look in upon the ſorrowing parent of Adelaide: Mrs. Johnſon was conveyed, with two of the mutes who attended the funeral ſtuck up behind her carriage, to the Montreville arms, there to ſeek for comfort in the adulation of the rejoicing Mrs. Vernon.

It has been often obſerved, and generally allowed, that, though love is a leveller of all diſtinction, friendſhip has no ſuch advantage, and that to be laſting, it muſt be built on the baſis of equality.

It would be too preſuming in a

young writer, forced on the literary field of action, and very much againſt her inclinations making her aukward debut, to arraign the judgment of others, or endeavour to ſet aſide opinions that have been long eſtabliſhed; yet I hope it will be no very capital ſin againſt humility, if I bring forward one example to prove, that in certain caſes, equality is not neceſſary to friendſhip, if indeed there is any real meaning affixed to the word itſelf. Were I obliged to give a verdict on this queſtion, very few inſtances, but thoſe few doubly endeared to my grateful heart, could I produce, to confirm the ſubſtance of friendſhip, though a thouſand are floating on my memory to aſcertain the ſhadow of it.

I LOSE my ſubject in ſelf, and it is the fault of recollection, that I do not tell my ſtory better.

EQUALITY is not always the baſis of friendſhip, or how ſhould it happen to light up its flame in the boſoms of Mrs. Johnſon, who was ſomebody, and Mrs. Vernon, who was nobody: Mrs. Johnſon was a very great lady, Mrs. Vernon a very little gentlewoman, for gentlewoman ſhe had choſen to be denominated ever ſince the death of Mrs. Oſmond, and her own acquiſition of fortune; to which title ſhe had nearly the ſame pretenſions as a highwayman has to call himſelf captain. Mrs. Johnſon, moreover, drove to the door of the Montreville

arms in her own equipage, drawn by ſix horſes; Mrs. Vernon had neither carriage nor horſes, except for the uſe of other people who were willing to pay for the uſe of them: yet all this inequality of condition, which, on ſumming up the total, may be found between the great *lady* and the little *gentlewoman* was no bar to that ſort of confidential intercourſe, commonly called by the name of friendſhip. For the preſent I have ſaid enough; hereafter I may perhaps account more fully for that warmth of ſympathetic kindneſs with which they felt the genuine virtues and good qualities of each other.

THE honourable Mrs. Johnſon, delighted

delighted with the miſtreſs and the ſituation of the Montreville arms, pronounced it the ſweeteſt retreat in the world—enchantingly rural—ſo profoundly quiet, that her health and ſpirits, ſhe ſaid, were renovated by paſſing only one night in the dear comfortable habitation; and ſo well ſhe was convinced of the benefit already received, that the very next day ſhe wrote to her eldeſt daughter, and in theſe words conveyed through her this meſſage to her huſband—"Tell your father all the conveniencies by which I am ſurrounded; bid him not be uneaſy about me, or to trouble his head when I ſhall come back to town; it is more than I know

myſelf; certainly I ſhall ſtay where I am a month, perhaps longer."

I BELIEVE this is the firſt time I have had occaſion to ſpeak of *Mrs. Johnſon*'s huſband, except when I told you that he went with his family to the continent; for I thought he ſeemed of as little importance to my hiſtory as he was to Mrs. Johnſon herſelf: for this reaſon, I have not hitherto made him of any uſe, and perhaps in future, his name will ſeldom appear, even to ſwell the number of pages—no ſmall conſideration to the emolument of an author, who can then with much truth tell the purchaſer, that if the work is good for

for little, there is at leaſt enough of it. Yet not to be what nobody has ever been, entirely free from all diſintereſtedneſs, now that I have taken up Mr. Johnſon, I mean, before I let him go again, to try if ſomething cannot be made out of him to my own advantage, if not to my readers entertainment. No, it cannot be that ſuch a dawdling, dead-alive, half-ſleeping, half-waking, drowſy ſubject ſhould content them.

THE huſband of Mrs. Johnſon, who had little merit beſides that of being her huſband, when at ſchool, was a great creator of mirth to ſuch boys as happened to be wiſer than himſelf; how many they were, ge-

nerally depended on the number of his fellow-ſtudents, who loved him, becauſe he was good-natured, and honoured him with the nick-name of Stalking Billy, becauſe he had not ſpirit to reſent their freedom. When his family made propoſals for him to Miſs Oſmond, which ſhe accepted, in conſideration of his riches and the little lift he could give her into rank, and when ſhe was become the honourable Mrs. Johnſon; the ſchool-name which had ſtuck to him till then, and ſignified nothing, ſhe, in her fits of fondneſs, had the goodneſs to exchange for one that ſignified ſomething, and would often call out upon him, when in her very beſt and indulgent humours—Oh, thou dear

man

man of paſteboard! why do you do this, or why do you do that?—but it was always for his own good, and never in anger, that ſhe thus pleaſantly rebuked her man of paſteboard!

UNDER theſe family regulations, Mr. and Mrs. Johnſon paſſed for the very happieſt of all married couples; and to keep up the character of being the beſt wife in the world, ſhe often would let him ſtand at the parlour window, and peep over the green blinds; the beſt poſſible method ſhe could divine of ſhewing her acquaintance, as they paſſed along the ſtreet, if they looked that way out of their carriages, that ſhe had a huſ-

band; otherwiſe it might have remained to ſome of them a matter of doubt, the lady being too faſhionable ever to be ſeen with him out of her own houſe, and not always in it; for, on her public days at home, it was his or her cuſtom for him to take a ſober ride into the country, and not to return again till her company were retired.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Reſentment—Rural felicity at a hotel—Spiritual *comfort—Its conſequence—A loſs.*

LOWLY and meek as I have hitherto delineated the ſenſitive ſoul of Mrs. Johnſon, yet, as mortals are frail, and women the fraileſt of mortals, my reader muſt not expect that a ſummer ſky always ſhone on her countenance, or her temper ſo ſtagnant, that it could not be ruffled by the ſtorms of paſſion, when provoked, like other people's tempers. —

She was, on the contrary, remarkably irritable upon certain occaſions, perhaps owing to the extraordinary tenderneſs of her feelings, an unfortunate predilection for the misfortunes of her fellow-creatures, which had been long the ſubject of complaint to her family, her friends, and her phyſicians.

With ſo much philanthropy, can it be reaſonably ſuppoſed otherwiſe than that her heart beat high with reſentment, whilſt relating to the attentive Mrs. Vernon, how impertinently ſhe had been uſed at the funeral of Miſs Montreville; or is it very unnatural that ſuch a woman, in ſuch a ſituation, ſhould call the perſon by

by whom ſhe had been ſo groſsly inſulted, an old officious devil of a parſon?—Indeed, her pure and eloquent blood was boiling over with rage, as ſhe poured into the ears of her faithful friend, anathemas, not only on Mr. Armatage, but alſo beſtowing them, in equal proportions, on all the ungrateful monſters at the caſtle, whoſe inhuman faces ſhe would never ſee again as long as ſhe lived!

SUCH were the agitating emotions of her harraſſed mind and fatigued body, when ſhe received from the hand of her dear Vernon an accommodating cordial, which will need no other deſcription than that it was

ſpiritual

ſpiritual and efficacious! She afterwards ſat down with her obliging hoſteſs, to a table ſpread with the choiceſt viands, and ſome bottles of Burgundy that would not have diſgraced the cellars of a prince. Having eat plentifully, and drank ſtill more plentifully, her philanthropy returned, in ſo full a tide, that it carried off all the animoſity with which her mind had been ſo lately occupied; and ſo completely was her heart now ſoftened, even towards her enemies, that a few tears actually hiſſed upon her broad, red-hot cheeks, as ſhe gave a ſort of disjointed verbal meſſage, which was to be carried to the caſtle, in the form of a civil enquiry after the health of Lady Ger-

Gertrude and Sir William Montreville.

THE anſwer to this condeſcending howd'ye was remarkable for nothing but its coldneſs and its conciſeneſs; Sir William, who had arrived at home juſt before, being the framer of it. I have hinted, that it was with ſome difficulty of ſpeech this meſſage to the caſtle was dictated by the amiable chief mourner, who had begun to take ſpiritual comfort; and have only to add, that when the reply was brought back, the good lady was too happy to underſtand it; nor did ſhe know till it was repeated to her the next day, whether it was meant

meant to convey thanks or reproaches.

NOT to return again to Mrs. Johnſon, her virtues, her foibles, or her affairs, at leaſt as long as ſhe continues her reſidence at the Montreville arms, I ſhall contrive to cram into this chapter a calamitous accident that befel her during the month of ruſtication that ſhe paſſed with her confidential hoſteſs, in rural ſports, and domeſtic felicity.

THE ſame good dinners, the ſame good wine, and the ſame good company, ſerved day after day to render the village of Worthenton, in the eſtima-

eſtimation of Mrs. Johnſon, one of the moſt eligible retirements on the face of the earth. What very much enhanced her ſedentary pleaſures, aroſe from her not having ſeen or heard any thing of the inſulting Montrevilles, after the one ſingle meſſage that had paſſed between them on the day of the funeral. Sir William, to whoſe ſight her appearance would have been poiſon, kept cloſe to the caſtle, as long as ſhe remained in their neighbourhood, that he might put it out of the power of accident to throw her in his way; nor indeed was the privacy of this pair of inimitable inſeparables diſturbed by the intruſion of any other ſociety!

THE month was June—the weather hot—the walks tempting—particularly ſhady and pleaſant were the woods that ſeparated the village from the caſtle: not ſhut up like the bowels of a miſer's compaſſion, or the treaſures of wiſdom in the breaſt of a ſelfiſh man, who will uſe them only to his own advantage; but, like the hearts of Lady Gertrude and Sir William Montreville, their reſpected and reſpectable owners, they were opened for the accommodation of peaſants as well as peers, and the very pooreſt of the hamleters, if they lay in the way of their daily labour, were welcome to paſs through them.

IN the beautiful receſſes of theſe woods

woods would Mrs. Johnſon often walk with her friend Mrs. Vernon; nay, ſometimes they would go there together, when they could only ramble tenderly ſupported by entangling their arms in each other; and, when arrived there, they very much delighted to find out the moſt unfrequented paths, in which they might talk over ſuch events as were already gone by, and anticipate others that were to happen in future.

In one of theſe *tête-à-tête* walks—I mean rambles—for the honourable lady had not only dined plentifully before it was undertaken, but heartily pledged her hoſpitable entertainer in the many healths ſhe politely propoſed

poſed, to the ſucceſs of all Madam Johnſon's wiſhes, to her good health, to the proſperity of the young gentleman her ſon, grand huſbands to her daughters, and many more ſuch faſcinating toaſts, which nobody could poſſibly have refuſed, except they had been diſinclined to drink more than nature demands, or moderation preſcribes.——In one of theſe rambles it was that, coming into the freſh air, the fair gueſt of the Montreville Arms complained to her hoſteſs, in whoſe bent elbow ſhe was holding as faſt as ſhe could, that a ſwimming had come over her head; and propoſed, with all the remaining ſtrength this ſudden ſeizure had left her capable of exerting, that they ſhould accept the friendly

friendly aid of a neighbouring bank, which offered them its green ſide for a cuſhion of repoſe.—Down they ſat, and Mrs. Vernon, drawing a fan from her pocket, uſed it full in the face of her patroneſs, to ſo efficacious a purpoſe, that in twenty minutes ſhe was not only able to ſpeak, but became more than ever communicative, and very good company.

FATAL indulgence! fatal conſequences!—It produced an accident more afflicting than any power leſs than Providence itſelf would have preſumed to level againſt the internal peace and ſecurity of ſuch a woman as Mrs. Johnſon.

In the midſt of a ſometimes interrupted, but always intereſting converſation, ſhe produced, for the better information of her ſmiling companion, a Packet of conſiderable ſize; in which it may be reaſonably ſuppoſed was contained ſomething or other neceſſary to the elucidating the ſubject of their irregular *tête-à-tête.* —— Mrs. Vernon, with her mouth half-open, and her eyes half-ſhut, nodded over the contents of this Packet, till, it is probable, ſhe could diſtinguiſh them no longer; for, when ſhe returned this parcel or packet, it ſeemed a tacit agreement between the inſpector and the owner, that all further local debate on the matter ſhould be deferred to another opportunity, by the endeavours

vours they both uſed to get upon their legs. And then it was that Mrs. Johnſon, from the ſwimming of her head, the trembling of her hand, or ſome other unknown cauſe, permitted the unfortunate Packet to miſtake its way, and, inſtead of returning to her pocket, to find a more certain eſtabliſhment at the bottom of a high tuft of graſs, from whence it never might have been dragged, but for the circumſtance mentioned in the firſt chapter of the firſt volume; which happened ſix months after, when Richard and Sarah Adams, feeling themſelves inclined to regale on a meſs of pottage, ſtooped to pick up their penny-royal from the very ſpot, and under a ſoft bed of ſnow, which

ſerved

ſerved to keep it from decay, they found out, and bore away the valuable depoſit.

I FORESEE that I ſhall run this chapter much beyond the bounds to which I wiſhed it confined, merely to keep my word; having promiſed my readers to cram into it all that I have at preſent to ſay of Mrs. Johnſon and her affairs.

THE loſs ſhe had ſuſtained, through her imbecility, in the excurſion to the wood was not diſcovered till many days after the ſad adventure; and, when it firſt occurred to her returning memory that ſuch a packet had been in her poſſeſſion when ſhe entered the

the pariſh of Worthenton, and that ſhe could not now tell what was become of it. To meaſure the value of its contents by the torturing agonies into which ſhe was flung when the dreadful accident broke upon her recollection, would not be a fair way of judging; becauſe ſome people ſet ſuppoſitious prices on a lock of hair, a crooked ſixpence, or any other pretty affectionate token of friendſhip, little inferior to that of rubies, or any other precious gems.

Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Margaret Davis were both ſummoned to aſſiſt in council, and to find out, if that were poſſible, how it had been loſt, and how it was to be regained;—for

here I am to obſerve, that the latter as well as the former was very much in the confidence of the all-condeſcending Mrs. Johnſon.

ONE might ſuppoſe that when three wiſe heads are laid together, they will produce ſomething; but here the conſultation was productive of worſe than nothing; they only ſerved to alarm, interrupt, and confuſe one another: all allowed that it was miſſing, but none could tell how it was miſſed, when it was miſſed, or where it was miſſed:—with ninety-nine chances to one againſt the efforts of memory, Mrs. Vernon did recollect that ſhe had once ſeen it; but as ſhe could trace back to no particular place or date,

date, ſhe might as well never have ſeen it.—The lady herſelf remembered that ſhe had taken it out of her ſtrong box, for the purpoſe of ſhewing it to Mrs. Vernon—that ſhe did believe ſhe had actually ſhewn it to her; but for want of a *when* and a *where* the puzzle was as inexplicable as ever.—Oh, the effects of *head-ſwimming!* If it had not been for that bewitching malady, they both would have known where it was loſt, and where to have found it.—But what ſaid Mrs. Margaret Davis?—Why, ſhe proteſted, with tears in her eyes, that ſhe knew no more of the matter than the parſon of the pariſh.

THE ſportſman purſues the chace

with leſs eagerneſs, and miſtaken mortals run after happineſs with leſs avidity, than this female trio of the Montreville Arms hunted the loſt Packet: but all their pains ended like thoſe of the wiſeſt man, and of all the wiſe men ſince the days of Solomon, in vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

When every thing within the houſe had been ſearched and re-ſearched a hundred times over—when their public haunts and private ways had undergone an equally critical examination; to thoſe uſeleſs efforts was added the following advertiſement, inſerted in three country papers, and nine times repeated.

Adver-

Advertiſement.

STOLEN, loſt, or miſlaid, a packet or parcel, with three black ſeals, all broken, tied round with a black ribbon; whoever will bring the ſame to Mr. Frederic Vernon, landlord of the Montreville Arms hotel, in the pariſh of Worthenton, in the county of ———, ſhall receive fifty guineas reward,—and no queſtions aſked.—

N. B. It can be of no uſe to any body but the adverti ſer.

DILIGENCE and rewards were alike unſucceſsful: ſnug lay the pain-giving Packet for another, and perhaps better occaſion, than returning

again into the hands of its former holder; ſo that when ſhe went back to her family ſhe was compelled to leave it behind; a misfortune for which ſhe was in reality more inconſolable than ſhe even appeared to be, either for the exit or at the interment of her gentle couſin.

SURELY I have now been long enough at the Montreville Arms to gratify the curioſity of others as much as is neceſſary to the thread of my own ſtory; I am therefore glad to leave the hotel, and to drop a ſort of people, with whom I do not like to aſſociate, for company more ſuited to my inclinations.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A noble creature—Another hotel—A tour ſhortened—A pleaſant meeting—Productive of gloomy conſequences.

LOOK at the top of this chapter once more, and afterwards I will tell you how I came to begin it ſo oddly. —When the ſelf-deceived Sir William Montreville was flying on the wings of fraternal affection towards the then peaceable, now tumultuous city of Paris; there to meet, according to his ſanguine but erroneous expectations, his lovely and

beloved ſiſter, the graces of his own manly perſon did not paſs unnoticed or unadmired: various were the phraſes in which the latter was expreſſed; but not one of them pleaſes me ſo well as the obſervation of an old lady, who was getting out of her carriage as he was ſtepping into his; apparently ſtruck with his figure and countenance, turning to a young female, on whoſe arm ſhe was ſupported, ſhe directed her eyes towards Sir William, and cried out—*What a noble creature!*

THIS little eulogium ought to ſatisfy the vanity of any man, becauſe, in a very ſhort ſketch, it includes a great deal of character; and

and if my readers of a certain deſcription are diſpleaſed that I do not enter into a more minute detail of his pretenſions on the ſcore of perſonal perfections, I ſhall tell them, with my uſual plain way of dealing, that they who put a pencil into the hands of a novice, have no right to find fault with the painting. I was not born for an artiſt; what talents nature or education had given me, lay dormant; I never ſhould have exerted them, till, by a cruel combination for which I am not accountable, the labour was forced upon me. I do not addreſs this apology to *all* my readers; thoſe for whom *only* it is intended, and their number is not a ſmall one, will underſtand

my meaning—and at the hour of darkneſs, or at the lateſt hour of death—contrition, unbidden and unwelcome, will ſteal upon their conſcience, and the bluſh of retroſpection cover their faces with confuſion!

I HAVE one little word more to add, which is only applicable to the *female* and *younger* part of that ſociety to which I have dedicated, in general, the former part of my excuſe for conveying to them an idea of Sir William Montreville's attractions, rather from the exclamation of an old woman, than by exerting my own talents for their amuſement; but I have ſo few of what are called talents, that ſometimes not knowing what

what to ſay next, I am ready to cry out with my fellow-ſufferer Job, Oh that mine enemies would write a book!—To which I would have added—rather than have forced me to write one.

The reaſon, my *deareſt friends*, why I did not deſcribe the eyes, the teeth, the hair, and the ſmile of Sir William Montreville, was, that had I intereſted you ever ſo tenderly in his favour, it could have turned to no account; you could have made nothing of him, for to tell you the truth, his affections were already engaged to a very amiable young lady, from whom it would have been impoſſible to alienate them—no, not

even if you were to try thoſe arts over again, which have been practiſed ſo ſucceſsfully on the hearts of other men in his predicament: ſteadineſs of mind is a good guard againſt all manner of deceptions; Sir William's choice was not made in haſte, nor repented at leiſure; where he loved, there he honoured; and if you had thrown all the darts which Envy carries in her tenfold quiver, not one of them would have touched that rooted and invariable confidence he acknowledged for the object of his attachment! If it had been capable of meeting with a ſhock from the endeavours, either of her male or female friends, or both united, ſhe might have found enough conſolation in

miſſing

miſſing a man who did not deſerve her preference, to make up for the mortification of being deceived.

WHILST buſied about theſe apologies, I feel myſelf ſporting as it were, on the flowery verge of a foreſt, whoſe gloom I am loth to enter, though fated to penetrate—the dreary melancholy road lies before me—I am going to ruſh forwards; reader, follow me if you dare.

THIRTY-FIVE minutes paſt ſeven o'clock, and after a pleaſant paſſage, neither too calm nor too boiſterous, Sir William Montreville landed at Calais with a light heart and gay expectations. He finiſhed his voyage in

in one of thoſe ſmall boats which are always put off from the French ſide to the relief of weary paſſengers, who, ſick of the water themſelves, or the company they ſail with, are too impatient to wait for the ſpringing up of a freſh gale, or the more ſlow but certain aſſiſtance of a ſluggiſh tide, and are glad to catch at any mode of conveyance, however troubleſome or inſecure, that will bring them but one hour ſooner to the haven where they would be.

ONLY Sir William's valet attended his maſter on ſhore, the reſt of his ſervants, as well as his baggage, was left behind in the packet, to attend the leiſure of the wind, the tide, and the

the captain, who did not give them much encouragement to ſuppoſe they ſhould get into the harbour till midnight.

MONSIEUR Deſſain's commodious hotel was deſtined by the happy traveller to the few hours of repoſe he deſigned to take at Calais, before he purſued his journey. Every body who has gone the ſame road, and ſtopped at the ſame houſe, muſt know, if they are not perfectly inſenſible, that Monſieur Deſſain is one of the very civileſt little gentlemen to be found amongſt thoſe who are of the ſame hoſpitable profeſſion with himſelf.

SIR

SIR William Montreville was a ſtranger to him; he looked in his face, and was ready to cry out, in the old lady's own phraſe: *What a noble creature!*—but for his life he could not recollect that he had ever before ſeen him in that country, neither did he exactly know his rank, or the condition of his fortune, when firſt he waited on him to receive his commands; yet theſe impediments were no drawback to Monſieur's advances, who treated his gueſt with as much courteſy, as if he had found his name in the peerage, and known the value of his eſtates to an acre.

SIR William, with equal politeneſs, and

and perhaps with more ſincerity, thanked him for his offers to do him all manner of ſervices, and having omitted to ſupply himſelf with French money, whilſt he ſtayed at Dover, eaſily got that matter adjuſted. Monſieur bowed his little apple head to the ground, laid his hand on his breaſt, and declared he ſhould be but too much honoured, if he would have the condeſcenſion to appoint him his banker, to the full amount of his abilities, on the preſent, or on any future occaſion.

WHAT a deal of miſchief may I not be doing by this partial repreſentation; for ſhould any of my poor, literally poor, readers, hereafter travel the ſame road,

road, and expect the ſame generous offers to be made him, I ſhall have led him into a very mortifying error, from which a little wholeſome advice, timely adminiſtered, may yet ſave him.

I ADVISE you then, with all ſeriouſneſs, not to ſet out for France on a ſaving expedition, or in purſuit of a true friend, hoping, on the ſtrength of my report, to find him in the character of Monſieur Deſſain: there are others, beſides David Simple, who have travelled farther than over London and Weſtminſter, in ſearch of a a true friend, and come back without one.

How

How much trouble am I taking to undo what I had done! Nor ſhall I think my fault ſufficiently repaired, till I have divided the act from the motive; when that duty is performed, if you will proceed to the hotel of my recommendation, without money in your pockets, it is no longer my fault but your own.

During the time that Sir William Montreville was regretting, to the really good-tempered Deſſain, that negligence by which he ſhould find himſelf unprovided with the currency of the country till he got to Paris; and whilſt the kind-hearted little man was making him the moſt unbounded offers of aſſiſtance, it is incumbent on me

me to remark, that the former had drawn from his pocket a very heavy purſe of Engliſh guineas, which carry their recommendation with them every where, and that the eyes of the latter were very much taken up in admiring them: it is not unnatural to ſuppoſe, that the ſight of theſe ſplendid guineas was a paſſport that gave him a more ready entrance into the good graces of Monſieur, than without them he had any title to expect: beſides—if there is a beſides needful to explain away a ſeeming act of kindneſs, bordering on romantic generoſity, and that to an abſolute ſtranger, whoſe face he had never ſeen, whoſe name he had never heard—I muſt hint to that

claſs

claſs of my readers, whom it is now my buſineſs to undeceive, that a valet who is well known to Monſieur, and has been often at his houſe with travellers of *rank* and *riches*, is no bad letter of credit; Sir William's man had been there five different times, with five different gentlemen of *reſpectability*. Deſſain had already ſeen him in the court, and though he had not ſhaken him by the hand, nor aſked him one leading queſtion; it was very likely that he ſhould gueſs at the importance of the maſter by the good condition of his ſervant.

When Sir William had ordered ſomething for his ſupper, at an early hour, and that horſes ſhould be kept

in readineſs for him to ſet out as ſoon as his people were landed from the packet: when he had again thanked his hoſt for paſt civilities, and preſent profeſſions, and whilſt the little man was in the attitude of making his very loweſt bow, an Engliſh carriage drove furiouſly into the court-yard. Monſieur Deſſain ſhortening his congee, ran out to welcome his newly arrived gueſt, and to do the honours of his hotel.

Sir William walked mechanically to the window, to ſee who alighted from the chariot, not with any expectation of their being known to him; but to ſay the truth, he had been ſo ſhort a time out of his own country,

country, he could not help thinking, that thoſe who were returning to it muſt feel themſelves particularly fortunate: if this is not ſaying much for his taſte, it brings no charge I hope againſt his underſtanding.

A SERVANT firſt jumped from the carriage which was engaging the whole of Sir William's attention; he then let down the ſtep for his maſter to get out—Sir William eyed the latter with much eagerneſs, and ſaid to himſelf, I ſhould know that face.—As the young man pulled off his hat, as if heated with travelling, he had a ſtill better view of him, and with a tranſport of pleaſure, not to be expreſſed, recogniſed in the features of this

this ſtranger, an old ſchool-fellow, one of the companions of his early youth, and one of the beſt beloved of his friends. Lord Fitzhenry was a few years his ſenior, had juſt finiſhed his travels, and was then returning to his family as faſt as he could, intending to ſtay only a few hours at Deſſain's.

INDEPENDENT of the warm friendſhip that ſubſiſted between them, eſtabliſhed on a long acquaintance, there was another and tenderer motive for that exceſs of joy Sir William was conſcious of feeling on this unexpected *rencontre*. I have heard it obſerved, that when the heart is tenderly attached to any particular object,

ject, it is natural to become intereſted for every thing and every body that is connected with that object. Sir William was in love, and Lord Fitzhenry nearly related to the miſtreſs of his affections, who was niece to his mother the Counteſs of Uxington.

UNDER theſe circumſtances it will not appear ſurpriſing, that the moment Sir William Montreville recollected this dear friend, he ſhould fly to greet him, without waiting the formality of a meſſage. Ah! how ſwift were the ſteps with which he bounded to meet him! how animated the air with which he caught hold of his hand, crying out, Dear Fitz-

henry! do I meet you thus accidentally when I would have gone half the world over to have come up with you at laſt?

THERE was ſo much of hilarity in the countenance of the ſpeaker, ſo much of joy in the tones of his voice, that Lord Fitzhenry ſaw in a moment, his friend did not feel, even by anticipation, the miſery that awaited him; his lordſhip was before this painful meeting, on his own account, diſappointed, indiſpoſed, and melancholy—the ſight of Sir William, the taſk he had to perform, did not exhilarate his ſpirits; and whilſt he returned his affectionate ſalutation with warmth equal to his own clouds, of

a deeper tinge paſſed over his countenance; and any other ſpectator than the unſuſpecting brother of Adelaide, might have ſeen a tide of tears ruſhing into his eyes, that were with difficulty reſtrained from overflowing.

Sir William Montreville put his arm through Lord Fitzhenry's, and as he drew him along towards the room he occupied himſelf, which was on the left-hand ſide fronting the court, I ſee, ſaid he, that your face, my Lord, is turned towards dear Old England, but now you muſt poſitively change your *route*, and go back with me: I have no other buſineſs in Paris, but to fetch my ſiſter; my

poor mother is ſickening for her return, and I have promiſed to be at home in three weeks.

LORD Fitzhenry ſighed, ſhook his head, but made no reply.

I MUST have none of your ill-omened, ſilent prognoſtics, continued he gaily; ſay at once, you will or you will not turn back with me.

WE certainly part no more, returned the other in a tremulous voice, till we land together in Britain.

WHEN he ſaid this, they were come into the room whither they were

were going; Sir William was all extacy at the certainty of being ſo well fitted in a companion for the remainder of his excurſion, and ringing the bell, ordered ſupper to be haſtened, as he thought his friend appeared to be extremely fatigued with his journey, and in need of refreſhment.

ALAS! how little did he ſurmiſe the cauſe of Lord Fitzhenry's dejection—he had ſunk into the firſt chair that came in his way, thrown his hat on the ground, and looked ſo ſadly ſerious, that Sir William, laying his hand on his ſhoulder, taxed him with the very common misfortune of having left his heart behind

him; and to rouſe him out of the reverie he had fallen into, aſked if, in his peregrinations, he had ever happened to meet with Adelaide?

At that name he ſtarted—aroſe ſuddenly—looked wildly—walked up and down with diſordered ſteps, muttering to himſelf—Adelaide! the adorable Adelaide!—Oh William!—dear William!—and relapſed into his former ſilence.

The unfortunate brother, doubly unfortunate, becauſe he was innocently ſporting with his own miſery, ſo totally miſtook the meaning of his friend, that he cried out with increaſing gaiety and good humour,

What

What am I to think, Fitzhenry, of your perplexities—your tender ſighs—your abſence—your exclamations? —I hope Adelaide has not taken you in—faith I ſhall pity you if that ſhould be the caſe, becauſe I know ſhe has no heart to give you in exchange;—adding, with a certain expreſſion of countenance, which, at any other time would not have paſſed unnoticed, When did you hear from the Davenports? does Montague tell you any thing about their returning to England?

Lord Fitzhenry, perfectly inattentive to theſe queſtions, and to the manner in which they were aſked, replied to them only by putting others

to Sir William, which were foreign to the ſubject—Montreville, ſaid he, have you received no late accounts from Paris? have the Johnſons any expectations of your joining them there?

To be ſure they have, for I wrote my ſiſter of my intentions as ſoon as I knew them myſelf.

YOUR ſiſter! repeated he, in a tone of agony, and hid his face with his hands.

IF you go on thus, my Lord, and take the matter ſo ſeriouſly, you will infect me with your ſadneſs; in pity to me, do not think any more of Adelaide—

laide—from the inconſtancy of almoſt any other woman in the world, there might be hopes of a revolution; but no man upon the face of the earth will ever rival Edmund Davenport in her affections.—He looked ſtedfaſtly on him, and ſaw ſome tears trickle through his fingers.—Dear Fitzhenry, continued he, forgive me if I have afflicted you by my ill-timed raillery; but we muſt not permit this wound to rankle, I hoped it was only ſkin deep, and you muſt ſtill allow me to hope that it is reſerved for brighter eyes than my ſiſter's to heal it over.

It is too much!—it is inſupport-

able! cried he, ſtarting up and laying hold of Sir William's hand—Yes, I am wounded, but it is for you that I am wounded, deareſt Montreville! It is in your power to mitigate the oppreſſion that weighs down my ſpirits—let me ſee you reſigned, and I ſhall be comforted.

THE alteration theſe few laſt words produced on Sir William was not more inſtantaneous than violent—Starting ſeveral paces back, his eyeballs ſtretched as if he would penetrate into the very ſoul of Lord Fitzhenry for an explanation—with a face paler than aſhes, he cried out,—In the name of God what is your meaning

meaning — your terrible meaning? What of my ſiſter—in pity tell me what you know of my ſiſter!

SHE has been very ill.

VERY ill!—Adelaide very ill, and her mother, her brother not informed of her illneſs!—He pauſed—A thouſand curſes light on the treacherous Johnſons—I thought how it would be—it is all their doing—let us be gone this moment,—dear Fitzhenry. If Adelaide is ſo ill, perhaps—but I cannot bear that thought—what would become of my——his voice was choked, there was a wildneſs in his eyes that added alarm to the profound melancholy of his friend.

MONTREVILLE, ſaid he, in a gentle compaſſionate tone, re-taking the hand which had the moment before been withdrawn from his hold, you know my friendſhip for you; can you doubt my readineſs to attend you when or wherever you pleaſe, except to Paris?—To Paris you muſt not go—Ah, dear William! let us return to England; Lady Gertrude will want your preſence to ſupport her.

To England!

YES, and we will ſet out to-mor-ow morning.

ENOUGH! cried the miſerable bro-ther

ther of Adelaide, and wrung the hand of his friend with torture — It is enough, I comprehend all my misfortune — and ruſhing out of the room, Lord Fitzhenry ſaw no more of him till midnight.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Shorter than the former—The ſubject continued.

LORD Fitzhenry waited three hours in the utmoſt anxiety and conſternation for the return of his friend, who had been during that time walking to and fro in the garden of the *hotel;* in what ſtate of mind, was impreſſed on his countenance in ſtronger characters than language could have ſpoken them.

WHEN he came back to the room, his eyes were red and ſwollen; he threw himſelf on a chair by the ſide of

of Lord Fitzhenry, who held his grief of ſo ſacred a nature, as not to interrupt its courſe by unmeaning conſolations, or frivolous obſervations; and I do not know when their ſolemn ſilence would have been broken, if Sir William had not ſuddenly ſtarted up, and ſaid to Lord Fitzhenry, laying a hand on his ſhoulder: I want to aſk you a queſtion, but I ſhudder to announce it. — Where are the dear Re—— ?—he ſtopped, and could go no further.

SPARE yourſelf! replied his lordſhip, ſpare yourſelf, dear Montreville! I underſtand what you would ſay; I will conceal nothing that it is neceſſary you ſhould be informed of—The remains

remains of your lamented ſiſter were yeſterday to croſs at this port, but I will ſtep out and bring you more certain intelligence.—He did as he ſaid he would do; and, on making the proper enquiries, diſcovered that the body had been embarked from Calais nearly about the ſame hour that Sir William Montreville had taken his paſſage from the other ſide—What a fatality!

WHAT a fatality! exclaimed the afflicted brother, when informed of this circumſtance.—Where then was my ſympathy?—the corpſe of Adelaide floating on the ſame ocean with me; perhaps the veſſel that contained it within ſight of thoſe eyes which have

have ſo often delighted to dwell on her innocent lovelineſs. Oh! ſtupid and inſenſible heart! By what idle ideas wert thou occupied at this frightful moment? Wert thou dancing in the ſunbeams of hope, when thou ſhouldeſt have been fainting under the gloom of *preſentiment*?

It is the moſt unthankful taſk in the world to hold out the cup of conſolation where deſpair ſtands ready to daſh it out of your hand; and Lord Fitzhenry continued ſilent, becauſe he really did not know what to ſay, till Sir William aſked if he could tell him by whom the body of his ſiſter was attended. To which his lordſhip replied, that he underſtood

it

it was accompanied only by Mrs. Johnſon and her ſervants.

THE name of Johnſon was a ſudden ſhock of electrical tendency, that drew him out of the profound meditation into which he had fallen, and diveſted him of every thing that a few moments before might have appeared to reſemble reſignation or compoſure.

GETTING haſtily up from his chair, and forcibly ſtriking his poor aching forehead with his clenched hand, and ſtamping his foot to the ground, in a paroxyſm of fury, he pronounced a volley of execrations on the Johnſon family, which it is neither neceſſary nor

nor proper for me to relate; they were ſuch as a very young man, full of ſpirit, generoſity, and affection, might be reaſonably ſuppoſed to beſtow on thoſe whom he ſuſpected to have been the murderers of a tenderly beloved ſiſter.—Yes! cried he, it is the Johnſons who have been the executioners of Adelaide: if they had not deſigned her death, we ſhould at leaſt have heard of the illneſs that muſt have preceded it—Oh miſerable partiality! oh deteſtable legacy!—but for that legacy—Oh my mother!—What will become of my mother!

THIS filial reflection on the woes of Lady Gertrude ſoftened him to tears, and he ſhed them plentifully.

WHEN

WHEN the ſervant came in to ſpread the table for ſupper, Sir William Montreville was gone on his ſolitary promenade to the garden; and Lord Fitzhenry, who knew by his own diſinclination to eat, how much leſs his friend would be diſpoſed to partake of the refreſhments he had ordered, deſired the preparations for ſupper might be ſuperſeded, by getting an apartment immediately ready for the reception of his fellow-traveller; to which apartment he ſuffered himſelf to be conducted, juſt as the clock ſtruck one. Lord Fitzhenry having forced him to ſwallow two glaſſes of wine, led him thither, and did not leave the ſide of his bed for the remainder of the night—a ſpeci-

men

men of modern male friendſhip, which will do no diſcredit to the age we live in.

THE oppreſſion of ſadneſs with which Lord Fitzhenry entered the gates of Calais, was occaſioned by an affair of the heart, which hereafter, and when I am more at leiſure, I ſhall poſſibly lay hold of as a pretty little epiſode, to relieve the attention of my readers from more weighty buſineſs.

WHATEVER was the cauſe of Lord Fitzhenry's ſadneſs, it found no abatement in his being forced to make another as ſad as himſelf; and all that night he ſat by the pillow of Sir William

liam Montreville, a ſincere mourner for the affliction with which his intelligence had loaded him; and in the morning his anxiety was very much increaſed, by finding the object of his kind attention in a high fever. The faculty were immediately called in to his aſſiſtance; and, though his ſymptoms were of the moſt unfavourable ſort, yet, by the ſkill of his phyſician, the unremitting care of his friend, a good conſtitution, and more fortitude, when in a capacity to exert it, than generally falls to the lot of young men whoſe ſpirits are ardent, and whoſe paſſions are extreme, Sir William was ſoon able to re-embark for Dover, and from thence arrived

at

at the caſtle, a few hours only after the interment of his ſiſter.

LORD Fitzhenry was under a kind of engagement to meet his family in town by a certain day, and the going out of his way with Sir William muſt prevent him from being punctual to his firſt appointment. But what are the bars that a generous mind will not get over in the attainment of a philanthropical purſuit?

THEIR journey was not quite ſo gloomy as might have been expected; Lord Fitzhenry ſeemed to have forgot his own cares, to alleviate thoſe of his companion: he even entered into

into a little hiſtory of his own diſappointments, and treated them much more ludicrouſly than he felt them; which effectually removed the ſuſpicion Sir William at firſt entertained of his lordſhip's being ſeriouſly attached to Adelaide.

THE meeting between Sir William Montreville and his heart-broken mother it is not for me to deſcribe; could I repreſent it with as much energy as I feel it, my fair reader would have no reaſon to thank me for robbing her eyes of their luſtre; and, if through my want of ſkill the picture ſhould be deficient in colouring, that would ſpoil all; ſo it is beſt to leave the

the work to her own imagination, which no doubt will finiſh it much more to the purpoſe.

LORD Fitzhenry, after repoſing one night at the caſtle, on the next morning ſet off for London. He had not been admitted to the preſence of Lady Gertrude, but heard with great ſatisfaction that the return of her ſon had afforded to her afflicted mind all the conſolation it was yet able to receive, or may perhaps be ever capable of receiving.

CHAP. XI.

New characters—Old incidents—Another proof that friendſhip is not circumſcribed by ſituations.

WHEREVER new characters are to make their appearance, a new chapter ſhould introduce them.—The Davenports are a family I very much reſpect, and are by their own worthineſs entitled to all the civility with which it is poſſible to uſher their names into theſe pages.

MR. Davenport, like the late Sir Thomas Montreville, poſſeſſed many refine-

refinements which are the peculiar gifts of taſte and education; he was alſo very much diſtinguiſhed by the bounty of nature, who had liberally endowed him with ſound ſenſe, an excellent heart, and the beſt diſpoſition in the world. Beſides, he ſprang from a good family, and if he had not added to the ſplendour of its fame in the field, or in the cabinet, neither had he diſgraced his progenitors by a baſe action, or a weak ſentence.—As to his fortune, which is no part of the man, I ſhall ſpeak of that hereafter.

If Mr. Davenport was in all reſpects ſo well ſuited to aſſociate with Sir Thomas Montreville, his wife

was not leſs qualified, by her many virtues, to be the beloved companion and boſom friend of Lady Gertrude; they were both the beſt of wives, the beſt of mothers, an honour to the domeſtic character, and a credit to their ſex.

An intercourſe in the early parts of their lives had been eſtabliſhed between theſe four amiable people, which ſuffered no abatement when they entered into their ſeveral engagements for life. Lady Uxington, the mother of Lord Fitzhenry, and the ſiſter of Mr. Davenport, was alſo one of the ſame ſet, and of the ſame ſort; but owing to her connexion with what is generally called the great world, and her

her lord's eſtates being ſcattered in various counties very diſtant from the caſtle, it was ſeldom, not more than once in two or three years, that ſhe could indulge her affectionate inclinations, by paſſing a few weeks in a ſociety to which ſhe was moſt ſincerely attached: for, when Lady Gertrude, following the example of theſe charming ſiſters, beſtowed herſelf on the man of her choice, their united entreaties had prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Davenport to remove into their neighbourhood, who being unable to reſiſt the temptation of living near them, diſpoſed of a houſe they had juſt purchaſed near ———, and rented a ſmall box within a mile of their friends ſuperb manſion.

Now this is the ſecond inſtance I have brought before your eyes, my philoſophical reader, of friendſhip ſubſiſting where equality is not.

How can that be? you cry. Where lies the inequality between Sir Thomas Montreville and Mr. Davenport? If you have not led us into an error, they were equally well born, and indebted pretty much in the ſame degree to nature and to education.

Yes, ſay I, this is all true. But is there nothing elſe that conſtitutes inequality beſides birth and education? Whatever you may advance to oppoſe my argument, it is not more faithfully evinced than in the diſtribution

bution of wealth; or why is it that a poor gentleman, who inherits only his few paternal acres, ſpends leſs, is leſs followed, leſs admired, leſs careſſed, than a Nabob juſt returned from the Eaſt, laden with half a million of *ſterling* qualifications? Are you ſtill at a loſs for the inequality? then I muſt explain it more clearly.

Mr. Davenport's rent-roll did not amount to as many hundreds per annum, as his neighbour the baronet counted thouſands. Now, though in every thing, but being a gentleman, a man of honour, and a ſcholar, he was very much inferior to Sir Thomas Montreville; yet this difference did not block up, or obſtruct, that rich

vein of mutual kindneſs which ran through the hearts of theſe two families, by choking it up with the rubbiſh of oſtentation on the one part, or debaſing it on the other, either by envy or ſervility. In ſhort, ſo equal was the ſcale carried between them, that it would have been impoſſible for a ſtranger to decide, when he ſaw them together, which was the richeſt man of the two.

THIS is a ſort of unequal friendſhip different from what I have before deſcribed as ſubſiſting between the honourable Mrs. Johnſon and my flippant hoſteſs of the Montreville Arms. The Davenports were of noble extraction: but, not ſpringing out from the

the very top of their genealogical tree, their portion of lands was ſmaller than their portion of nobility: whereas, if Mrs. Vernon, the friend of Mrs. Johnſon, had any pretenſions to birth or precedency, ſuch pretenſions it is not in my power to aſcertain. She was indeed a foreigner, and might have been a lady of conſequence in her own country, of which circumſtance I muſt confeſs myſelf to be totally in the dark; what little I do know of her former hiſtory, ſhall be revealed to my reader in the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. XII.

An introduction—An adventure—A removal—The advantage of being a good performer on the hurdy-gurdy.

MRS. Vernon had the honour of ſcrambling into this checquered world amongſt the mountains of Savoy; and I here aver, what I have hinted before, that if ſhe had any claims to gentility, I know nothing of the matter.

JACQUILINE, the heroine of my ſhort tale—for I promiſe my reader

it

it ſhall be a ſhort one—did certainly paſs (and the report has never been contradicted) for the daughter of a poor wretched couple, who would not have been poor if they could have carved better for themſelves by any means in the world, induſtry excepted.—Buried in the mountains, with none but neighbours in as miſerable a ſituation as their own, how few were the opportunities they had of profiting by their inclinations to mend their condition by ways and means not in the direct road of honeſty!

At length an occaſion offered, which was beyond the moſt ſanguine of their hopes or expectations; and

it happened too when the pretty Jacquiline was in the zenith of her charms, or it would never, moſt probably, have happened at all.

A YOUNG gentleman of ſome notoriety, purſuing his ſolitary tour over the Continent, to gather his noſegay of exotic improvements, in going to pick them up amongſt the wilds of Savoy, ſaw by chance the little Jacquiline, to whom, miſtaking her for the divinity of the mountains, he did homage, by beſtowing more praiſes on her beauty than her beauty really deſerved. Nature and the leſſons of her parents had made her a finiſhed coquette at ſeventeen; and ſhe knew ſo well how

how to manage for the intereſt of her family, that all the money he could get together was left behind with the old people in exchange for their daughter; whom, with their conſent and entire approbation, he conducted to Britain—the rareſt gem in his collection of natural hiſtory.

THIS little mountain-ſhrub was fated to bloom but a ſhort ſeaſon in the garden of luxury; her lover, I will not call him her ſeducer, very ſoon tranſplanted her into the common ground of his own country.—When all her charms were fled, the education ſhe had received from her parents afforded her other reſources: ſhe was a wonderful performer on the

the hurdy-gurdy; and the honourable Mrs. Johnſon preferred the muſic of a hurdy-gurdy to all other muſic in the world.

OFTEN did this great lady liſten with exquiſite ſenſibility to the ſounds of Jacquiline's inſtrument, as ſhe played under her dreſſing-room windows; which it was cuſtomary for the cunning Savoyard to do an hour or two daily, when ſhe knew from Mrs. Margaret Davis that her lady was alone, and her heart diſpoſed for the reception of harmony.

ONCE, in going to her carriage, Mrs. Johnſon condeſcended to aſk ſeveral queſtions of Jacquiline, and

was

was anſwered in ſuch good Engliſh, and with ſo much adroitneſs, that very ſoon after, ſhe ſignified to Mrs. Margaret her intentions to do ſomething for the girl's eſtabliſhment. She accordingly took her into her houſe, and ſo completely into her good graces, that ſhe had her taught to read, to write, make caps, get up fine linen, and keep family ſecrets; this laſt part of her education Mrs. Johnſon would let nobody have any hand in but herſelf. She had no reaſon to find fault with the docility of her pupil; and in due time Jacquiline's genius was rewarded, by an appointment to a place about the perſon of Mrs. Oſmond, her then almoſt ſuperannuated grandmother, a

ſituation

ſituation of infinite truſt and equal confidence—How diſcharged by the artful Savoyard has been already related, as well as the legacy by which her ſervices were diſtinguiſhed.

BESIDES thoſe inſtances I have quoted, there are many others that I could tell you of, to prove that the attachment thus formed between the lady and her *protegée* has no ſimilitude to the diſintereſted ties which bound together the rich inhabitants of the caſtle and the humble dwellers of the cottage: the means of the former were enlarged; to them only fortune had been munificent: but nature was liberal to both, and their hearts were caſt exactly in the ſame mould. The

caſtle might have been called the palace of benevolence, the cottage its banqueting-houſe.

THE Montrevilles and Davenports were united by mutual virtues and mutual kind offices. Whatever were the virtues of Mrs. Johnſon and Mrs. Vernon, however equally they may have been gifted with the ſoul's endowments, nothing can be more certain than that all the kind offices proceeded from one ſide only; at leaſt there was no oſtentation in the meek mild miſtreſs of the Montreville Arms hotel, to tell tales, or betray that the favours ſhe received from Mrs. Johnſon had been purchaſed or returned by any conditional ſervices

ſervices on her part: whatever uſe ſhe could make herſelf of to her warm and bountiful patroneſs was a ſecret to every body in the world but themſelves and Mrs. Margaret Davis.

It has given me pain to take off my reader's attention ſo long from the preſent ſituation of the afflicted Lady Gertrude, to bring them acquainted with former times when ſhe firſt came to ſettle at the caſtle, beſides now and then throwing in the way of their natural and laudable curioſity characters that are not calculated to pleaſe any of them: ſuch as are honeſt and well-diſpoſed will ſhudder and turn aſide with diſguſt from

from Mrs. Johnſon and her confidante, whilſt others, who may have acted with any thing reſembling their duplicity, will not like to fix their eyes on a mirror where they may ſee a rival as eminent, as ingenious, and, perhaps, as ſucceſsful as themſelves.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the objections I have ſtated to my rambles, I muſt ſtill purſue them, as they are abſolutely neceſſary to the thread of my ſtory. In the firſt place, the circumſtances I am going to repeat are introductory to a very pretty love tale, and in the next, I cannot make out my book without them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

A philoſophical reaſon for ſtepping over ſixteen years, the tranſactions of which time, had they been regularly collected, might have afforded a great deal of convenient matter to lengthen out a narrative.

SIXTEEN years of undiſturbed tranquillity and uninterrupted friendſhip had the Montrevilles and Davenports paſſed in the neighbourhood of each other, with no very ſevere misfortunes, no very ſad occurrences, no diſcontents of any kind, to mark the progreſs of time. What have I

to

to do with theſe ſixteen years? The hours that glide along with a ſerene and even ſteadineſs are leſs eaſy to trace than the heavy ones that leave the furrows of care behind them; ſo I ſhall let them paſs by without notice, only remarking that the intermediate ſpace I have been ſpeaking of had a nearer reſemblance to the age of gold than to the age of iron.

THE inhabitants of the caſtle and the cottage ſeemed to be actuated by the ſame virtues, and to be governed by the ſame deſtiny. Lady Gertrude Montreville had borne many children, the two eldeſt of which number were the only ones that had arrived beyond the bounds of extreme infancy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Davenport's gains and loſſes on the maternal ſcore bore an exact ſimilitude to her own, and there now only remained to each of them one ſon and one daughter, to comfort them for the loſs of their other children.

WHAT Sir William Montreville is, and what his ſiſter Adelaide Montreville was, I have, reader, to the very beſt of my little ſkill, already informed you; and it now remains that I ſhould bring you acquainted with the ſon and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport.

MONTAGUE DAVENPORT is as much unlike Sir William Montreville as any two beings, both excellent in their

their kind, can differ in what are not the eſſentials but the ornaments of humanity. The ſoul and form of Sir William bore teſtimony to the coincidence of Nature in all her operations: his perſon was maſculine, his ſpirit intrepid, his countenance animated, his paſſions fervent, his affections ſtrong, but his underſtanding ſtronger.—The body and mind of Montague Davenport were caſt in a different mould, and did not altogether preſerve the ſame ſimilitude in their connection to each other. Delicacy had modelled the former with her own dainty fingers, and afterwards poliſhed her work by the hands of the Graces. I do not mean the graces, as they are deſcribed and

recommended by Lord Cheſterfield; becauſe I do not aſſimilate them with my own notions of that rectifying grace which ſhould be employed to do away the effects of effeminacy on a too pretty perſon.—Manly ideas, manly exerciſes, and manly actions, are the graces which I mean; and which, with a handſome face, and againſt a conſtitution as little robuſt as his perſon, formed a ſtriking compoſition of manlineſs in the ſoul of Montague Davenport. The whole world might exclaim with the old lady, who caught a peep of Sir William on his road to Dover—What a noble creature!——Montague, had he paſſed by, would not have gone without his ſhare of admiration, though not

not attended by the ſame energy of expreſſion—Inſtead of crying out, What a noble creature!—it is probable they would have ſaid, How gentle, how amiable, how intereſting is the face of that traveller!

SIR William was warm, animated, and ardent, on *all* occaſions; Montague but on *one*, one paſſion alone could ſubdue his reaſon—Love was his tyrant, and the moſt abject of his ſlaves was Montague Davenport: his ſoul floated on affection, that affection centered on one adored object, and that adored object was the daughter of Sir Thomas Montreville.

EMELINE the enchanting—at leaſt

Sir William's enchanting Emeline; for I do not know how far her charms might have gone beyond the precincts of the caſtle, as there ſhe delighted to exert all her magical powers of faſcination—Emeline, the ſiſter of Montague, was hardly leſs his ſiſter in affection than the ſiſter of Adelaide, the poor Adelaide! whoſe funeral obſequies were performed in a former part of this wonderful hiſtory; for wonderful it will be, if I ſhould ever get to the end of it.

I DON'T know how to deſcribe that ſort of ſiſterly love which united the hearts of Adelaide and Emeline. If I look back, and call upon experience

rience to find me out a precedent for their attachment, though my memory may furniſh me with ſuch a beginning, treachery would ſtep in between, and ſpoil the concluſion. I will not therefore draw my example from Lady ———, or Lady ———, or Lady ———, but from Shakeſpeare himſelf, who had not taken a peep into any ſuch hearts as theirs when he wrote the following beautiful lines on female friendſhip—

In all the council that we two have ſhared,
The ſiſter-vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-day friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,

Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, our voices, and our minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet a union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats of heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.

So far of the quotation is ſufficient for the embelliſhment of my tale, and the elucidation of my characters; but I muſt follow the truth-inſpired poet to the very end of his ſpeech, with the hope that his words, iſſuing from my pen, will pierce, and that to the quick, the hearts of ſome people who I know will be amongſt the number of my readers.

——You

——You rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in harming your poor friend:
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

The three words I have omitted, and the one that I have ſubſtituted, I hope will not paſs unobſerved; or the reaſon why I have uſed this freedom be unknown to any body. Shakeſpeare himſelf has pardoned and acquitted me; for, does he not ſay, "Nothing can be amiſs when ſimpleneſs and duty tender it"—It was my own ſimplicity that made me borrow from his eloquence; and it is the duty I owe to myſelf that makes me ſpeak what I have ſpoken.—I now diſmiſs the preſent chapter, to give all thoſe,

for whom my laſt quotation is intended, time to conſider the truth and conſiſtency of the application I make to them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Struggles of nature, and efforts of love, in a pathetic and intereſting converſation.

MY dear William, ſaid Lady Gertrude one day to her ſon—it was about a fortnight after his return from the ill-fated expedition he made to the continent—have you informed Mrs. Davenport of our——She pauſed—he caught her half-expreſſed meaning, and replied, that he had not only informed Mrs. Davenport of all ſhe

wiſhed her to know, but had, without orders, ventured to ſolicit her preſence at the caſtle. I am ſure, dear mother, he added, you can have no objection to the ſight, or to the ſoothing attentions of ſuch a friend, who, by ſharing your ſorrows, will make them more ſupportable—you love her as a ſiſter, and it is as a ſiſter that I have invited her to attend you; there is not another family in the world, whom, uncommiſſioned by yourſelf, I would have dared to intrude on your ſolitude.

I THANK you, returned ſhe, for this proof of kind conſideration—I will not ſay to my peace—that I fear is gone for ever!—and ſhe ſighed deeply—

deeply—but to my reſignation, which is often ſo feeble as to ſtand in need of a ſenſible friend's advice to prop and ſuſtain it.

SEEING her ſon's ſpirits taking their hue from the complexion of her own, ſhe ſeemed to combat the everlaſting expreſſion of her woes, and to force them back to her heart, that they might not produce the ſame ill effects on his health as they had already done on her own. Yes, continued ſhe, tenderly preſſing his hands—Yes, you are certainly right; if I am capable of any other comfort beſides what I take in looking at you, in hearing you ſpeak,

in witneſſing that dutiful anxiety which is ſo intereſting to the fond heart of a mother, if I can bear conſolation to approach me in any other ſhape, I think I ſhould receive it in the ſociety of Mrs. Davenport and her amiable children; they have always held the ſecond place in my heart— Oh! how I feel for their diſtreſs when your letter ſhall arrive— Emeline will think of you, and your idea will ſupport her—but, poor Montague! who is there now that ſhall ſpeak conſolation to the paſſionate ſoul of Montague?

At the mention of Emeline, the countenance of Sir William Montreville

ville took another and very different expreſſion from any colouring it had appeared in ſince the day of his meeting Lord Fitzhenry at Dover; and his loſt ſiſter, who had never been abſent from his thoughts till now, was now ſuperſeded by the lovely image of Emeline, who till then had modeſtly withdrawn to the private but warm receſſes of his heart, that ſhe might not obtrude on his natural and more ſerious duties.

As Lady Gertrude pronounced the name of Emeline, the face of Sir William was ſuffuſed with crimſon, and his eyes ſtruggled with a ſort of joyful ſenſation, that he hardly knew how to govern; for it was very

plain he tried to ſuppreſs this momentary viſitation of tranſport—a ſacrifice he would willingly have made to the affliction of his mother; as, who does not know, from experience, that the bite of ſorrow is never ſo keen as when joy unmaſked ruſhes forbidden to its preſence?

He could not conceal his feelings ſo effectually, but that they were inſtantly revealed to Lady Gertrude's penetrating obſervation; ſhe alſo ſaw his motives for ſmothering the pleaſure ſhe had conveyed to his mind by calling upon the name of his miſtreſs, and ſo tenderly uniting it with his own.—Something was due on her part for this effort on his; ſhe raiſed

raiſed her languid face from the pillow on which it reſted, and with the tears yet undried, that had fallen on her pallid cheeks, My ſon! cried ſhe, —my own dear William! your ſenſibility is ſtrong, but your filial piety is ſtronger; I will not allow you thus to check the generous effuſions of a paſſion ardent and reſpectable.

Oh deareſt of parents! will you then be comforted?

Yes! I ſhall, for your ſake, endeavour to moderate my griefs—I will permit you to conſole me—you cannot recal the angel we have loſt, but you ſhall give me another daughter, and in your Emeline I will try to believe

believe I again embrace my Adelaide!

WHILST this ſhort converſation paſſed between the mother and ſon, the latter was kneeling at the bedſide of the former, a ſtation he ſeldom quitted when in her preſence; but now he could not have raiſed himſelf from it if he would, ſo greatly was he agitated leſt the exertion ſhe was making for his happineſs ſhould be fatal to her own exiſtence. He laid his face on her hands, as he preſſed them to his lips, and could only murmur in the ſofteſt whiſper—Spare yourſelf, dear mother!—I am grateful—oh how grateful! but for God's ſake ſpare yourſelf!

THIS

THIS was all he did ſay — could eloquence itſelf have ſaid more to the purpoſe?

I BEGIN to feel that I am plunging my readers into a ſea of difficulties—one can never mend an error till it is found out—I ſee where I have been deficient, and will bring them out of their dilemma as faſt as I can.

A FEW pages back I told you, that the Montrevilles and the Davenports were neighbours and inſeparable companions; and juſt now I have given you cauſe to ſuppoſe the latter have changed their quarters, without having explained the reaſon why they went

went away, or to what part of the globe they are gone: any other hiſtorian would have introduced this circumſtance in its proper time, and in its proper place; I, on the contrary, who am ſetting out on a firſt expedition, run away from unity, and if it overtakes me, I lay ho'd of the occaſion, and accommodate it to my own inſufficiencies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Sickneſs — A removal — Death — A re-union — Fortune's eldeſt daughter a troubleſome viſitor — A voyage in contemplation.

ABOUT eighteen months before the death of Sir Thomas Montreville, Mrs. Davenport found herſelf a widow—not merely a widow by appellation, but a widow indeed; and in truth, her huſband had ever been the deareſt of all dear objects to the wife of his boſom; and when it was her misfortune to cloſe his eyes, if Providence

vidence had ſealed her own at the ſame time, ſhe would have called it a ſentence of mercy.

THE diſeaſe by which Mr. Davenport was carried off, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, being malignant and highly infectious, the young people, to be out of the way of catching it, were removed to the caſtle very much againſt their inclinations: for long they contended to ſhare the ſame fate with their parents, againſt their abſolute commands, againſt the verdict of three phyſicians, who ſentenced them to baniſhment; againſt the tendereſt ſolicitations of Sir Thomas and Lady Gertrude Montreville, and againſt every thing but the extravagant

travagant agonies of Sir William, and the unceaſing tears of his ſiſter, to which they at laſt yielded.

Mr. Davenport endeavoured to prevail on his wife to leave the cottage, and go with her children to the caſtle; but if there is a wife in the world, who would have complied with ſuch a requiſition, flying from the duties of her ſtation to a corner of ſafety, ſhe deſerves not to be claſſed with ſuch wives, and ſuch mothers, as Lady Gertrude or Mrs. Davenport, who, in refuſing to abſent herſelf from the chamber of contagion, was guilty of her very firſt act of premeditated matrimonial diſobedience! Many fine ladies will not approve

prove of the aſſertion, but it is a true one.

How this fatal malady ended, you already know; and I have too many ſcenes of recent griefs before me, to allow that I ſhould look back, or at leaſt but very ſlightly, on thoſe ſable-hued events that happened ſo long ago.—A conſiderable time after the funeral was over, and not till Mrs. Davenport was well aſſured ſhe had neither received or could convey any infection, once more ſhe was re-united to her family; not by their coming home to her, but by her going to them: the lord and lady of the caſtle would not hear of her remaining at the cottage, which their ſympathetic feelings

feelings told them muſt now have loſt, in her eyes, all its charms, all that it before boaſted of beauty and comfort. They went themſelves to drag her from the cheerleſs ſpot, and ſhe ſuffered them to conduct her to their own, at that ſeaſon bliſsful, habitation.

It has long and often been remarked, that the eldeſt daughter of Fortune ſeldom comes to the gate of the happy, where ſhe has been long barred out, without a ſuite of followers in her train: her viſits had hitherto been ſhort at the caſtle and its environs; ſhe had occaſionally preſided at the interment of ſeveral promiſing infants, but without parade:—ſhe threat-

threatened now to invade them with a hoſt of calamities, of which the death of Mr. Davenport was only the herald or harbinger.

THE ſum of three thouſand pounds to each of his children, with four rings, value two hundred pounds, in remembrance to the Montreville family, were the only legacies bequeathed by Mr. Davenport; all the the reſt of his moderate fortune was left at the unfettered diſpoſal of his widow, not from any doubts he entertained of the young people's duty to a mother they adored, but as a public acknowledgment of the confidence he repoſed in the prudence of her

her conduct, and the rectitude of her heart.

By this diſpoſition of his worldly effects, Mrs. Davenport's proportion of them was about ten thouſand pounds; for which overplus ſhe conſidered herſelf in the light of a ſteward to her children, on whom her now undivided affections were eſtabliſhed, except that part of them which gratitude and friendſhip laid claim to; and the diſcharge of theſe debts of the heart enriched one of the parties, without embezzling from the other.

Mr. Davenport, almoſt from the time of his marriage, had been litigating

gating in the Iriſh courts of law, his rights to ſome eſtates of great value, which were left to him by his maternal uncle; but the teſtator's power of making the bequeſt was ſo warmly diſputed by his heirs at law, who lived in the country, whoſe wealth was great, and whoſe influence was greater, that the claimant had ſeveral times nearly given up his pretenſions, rather than have the little he did poſſeſs made leſs by ſupporting them: he was only prevented from the reſignation he meditated by Sir Thomas and Lady Gertrude, who would never allow him to make it, and contrived ſo well, and with ſo much delicacy, for his accommodation,

as

as to draw him on from year to year, without his being greatly inconvenienced by the expence, or ſuſpecting the weight of obligation he owed to their generous interference. They had often added their intreaties to the advice of his lawyers, that he would ſhew himſelf in the country where his intereſt lay: but having from family occurrences, not neceſſary to repeat, imbibed an invincible averſion to a kingdom, in which he had never ſet his foot; nothing could prevail on him to follow up his claims by his preſence.

Mrs. Davenport, in the tenth month of her widowhood, received

letters from the lawyer who had the whole management of the buſineſs, to inform her, as the executrix of his late client, that the ſuit muſt now come to a criſis, their opponents having carried it as far as they could, and were at this period forced to abide by the deciſion of a ſpecial jury. To which intelligence was added, that the trial would come on probably in three months, and could not be protracted longer than ſix, and that every thing now ſeemed to be in their favour. He ended with a requeſt, that Mrs. Davenport would immediately croſs the channel, and take up her reſidence in Dublin, her preſence being thought highly neceſſary, and even indiſpenſable, as the repreſenta-

tive of her deceaſed huſband, at the final adjuſtment of a cauſe ſo conſequential to herſelf and family.

SIR Thomas and Lady Gertrude Montreville, whoſe gueſt ſhe ſtill was, and without whoſe approbation ſhe never ventured to take any ſtep of conſequence, approved of her inclination to comply with the ſummons of her lawyer, and to undertake the voyage; they alſo inſiſted, that her ſon and daughter ſhould be left to their protection till her return; to which arrangement ſhe would gladly have conſented, but Montague and Emeline choſe to tear themſelves from their beloved companions, which was

like the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body, rather than ſtay behind, when it was poſſible they mght make themſelves uſeful to their mother, and certain at leaſt, that their perſonal attendance would add to her comfort.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A pettiſh lover—A woman firm to her purpoſe—Former ſeparations not like the preſent—Cupid rocking four infants in his own cradle—Three parents ſinging his lullaby to the old-faſhioned tune of diſintereſted approbation.

" The joys of meeting pay the pangs of parting,
" Elſe who could bear it?"

THIS was a tender addreſs from William Montreville to Emeline Davenport, when he found that all his eloquence, united to her own prepoſſeſſion in his favour, were ineffec-

tual to weaken thoſe ſweet bands of filial affection, by which ſhe was drawn to follow the footſteps of her mother.

How obſtinate you are, Emeline! he would ſay to her; is not my father, is not Lady Gertrude, is not Mrs. Davenport equally anxious that you ſhould ſtay behind? And yet you will go—yes, you are ſo ſelf-willed, that I ſwear I think you would leave us, if you were convinced that I ſhould not be able to ſurvive your abſence.

But I am convinced, ſhe would reply, with a forced ſmile and a ſuppreſſed ſigh, that nothing ſo terri-

ble

ble will happen to you, Mr. Montreville.

THAT is more than you have my conſent to ſuppoſe, *Miſs* Davenport! The particular ſtreſs he laid on the word *Miſs*, and the angry tone of his voice, muſt, I imagine, have produced ſome ſudden effect on the countenance of her to whom he was ſpeaking: or why ſhould he add, the moment after, in accents of tenderneſs, Emeline! Emeline! is this a time for ceremony?—Juſt as I am on the point of loſing you, perhaps for ever, I aſk you, dear Emeline!—if this is the ſeaſon you make choice of to chill me with the freezing appellation of Mr. Montreville?

I DO not know what was her reply to this unreaſonable charge, but the ſteadfaſtneſs with which ſhe continued to hold her reſolution of going with her mother, gave him no cauſe to impute to her a wavering mind, or inconſtancy of diſpoſition, when any of her ſerious duties were to be ſupported; and though her abſence might make him unhappy, the motive which induced it certainly conſoled him.

MONTAGUE DAVENPORT made a ſtill greater ſacrifice to filial duty, than even his ſiſter, as her paſſions, though ſufficiently impreſſed, were not ſo violent as his, who lived but in the preſence of Adelaide, and only exiſted

iſted in her abſence. Nothing can be imagined by the force of fancy ſo lively, ſo tender, ſo intereſting, as the adieus of four young people, who were about to be ſeriouſly ſeparated, as I may ſay, for the firſt time in their lives—They had often, it is true, been parted before, but it was only for a ſhort time, and no water divided them; beſides, when William and Montague, who purſued their ſtudies together, ſet out for the ſchool or college, aſſured that the very day and hour was fixed when they ſhould return back again, their journies were always undertaken with light hearts and cheerful faces, whilſt the lovely ſiſters of theſe

amiable brothers, by the ſame mode of anticipation, and feaſting on the ſame hope with themſelves, would ſtand at their window, or on the terrace, and ſee them gallop down the avenue, with no other concern, but the fear, that turning often to look back, they might be thrown from their ſpirited ponies for want of care, and get their necks diſlocated; which idea would make them retire out of their ſight to talk over, and count up exactly, how many months, weeks, days, and hours, it would be, before theſe dear brothers were to animate them again with their welcome preſence. How unlike to this ſort of ſhort abſence was that with which they

they were now threatened—divided by the ocean, and without any certain termination!

I HOPE I have not told my little love tale ſo badly, but that my reader has already found out, how Cupid, ſuch as fiction repreſents him, though truth ſometimes tells us he is quite a different ſort of perſon—how the Cupid of fiction rocked theſe young votaries in his own cradle, attended them in all their infantine ſports, making a fifth party in their innocent paſtimes; and how, now that they were advancing to maturity, he became a deſpot, and holding the reins of honour in his hands, drove them, for his diverſion, which

way he pleaſed, juſt as it hit his whimſical fancy; now feaſting them on hope, and now ſtarving them on the very dregs of deſpair.

Sir Thomas and Lady Gertrude Montreville ſoon diſcovered what the playful deity was about, and inſtead of checking his preſumption, as many other fathers and mothers might have done, where the inequality of fortune was ſo conſpicuous; they ſtood the moſt delighted of all lookers on, except Mrs. Davenport, who, authoriſed by their approbation, it cannot be ſuppoſed beheld it with leſs joy than themſelves; it muſt be a mother who feels like her, that can tell what were her ſenſations at the proſpect of ſuch

deſirable alliances for her children; ſhe would not have ventured to lift up her ſight to ſo bright a view of permanent felicity, had it not been pointed out to her by the diſintereſted and generous parents of William and Adelaide.

FROM the time the ſeparation of theſe two families was firſt determined upon, laſſitude and heavy oppreſſion found their way to the caſtle, and took poſſeſſion of all the younger part of its inhabitants; the ladies could not ſettle themſelves to work, to read or to play, they could only think, and think only of the ſolitary ages that muſt be endured, before the ſame party might meet

again,

again, with the ſame inclinations, and on the ſame ſpot. The gentlemen loſt their uſual reliſh for field ſports; hunting, ſhooting, and cricket, were at an end; one might have ſuppoſed they had loſt too their bodily ſtrength, or were afraid to exert it; every thing fatigued them, and the preparations making for the voyage more than every thing that had fatigued them before; they would ſpeak and not know what they were ſpeaking about, liſten and not hear, throw themſelves about on the chairs, and declare, though it was early in the month of February, that the weather was ſo hot it quite unfitted them for all ſorts of exerciſe; yet they too could think,

but

but think only of what their miſery would be, were it poſſible for them to be ſuperſeded in the hearts of Adelaide and Emeline.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Sympathy a kind phyſician—Great cordial in ſmall tokens, when love is the giver—Much ſaid about parting, but not half ſo much as might have been ſaid.

LADY Gertrude, whoſe ſoul was a ſtorehouſe of affection and ſympathy, ſaw and pitied the anxious ſituation of her tenderly beloved little circle: the next ſtep to obſerving their concern and ſeeing it with compaſſion was to try if it could not be ſoften-

ed:

ed: I want, ſaid ſhe one day to Sir Thomas Montreville and Mrs. Daport, for theſe dear children to exchange with each other ſome ſmall memento of kindneſs, which may act upon them like a taliſman and charm away part of that gloom ſo common to friends in a ſtate of ſeparation—It is hard to conceive what magic power lies concealed in a ring, a locket, or a bracelet, when love is the giver!

BUT much more in a picture, obſerved Sir Thomas—Nothing leſs would have contented me when I was a young man.

YOU

YOU are in the right, returned Lady Gertrude, and I wiſh we were provided with as many as would content them: we have portraits enough, but unfortunately only one miniature amongſt us all, and I ſhall think it no robbery to ſteal that one from the watch of Montague's mother, to hang it about the neck of Montague's Adelaide.

MRS. Davenport took the hint, and, with a look of ineffable gratitude, ſnatched the watch from her ſide, and unhooked the picture of her ſon, and preſented it to Lady Gertrude, who, when the whole party were aſſembled together, with her own hands

tied

tied it round the neck of her daughter.

ENVY had never ſhewn her ugly face at the caſtle, yet if the hearts of William and Emeline had not been ſtrongly barred againſt her, ſhe might have found an entrance on the preſent occaſion, whilſt Montague, the happy Montague, when he ſaw his own likeneſs thus diſpoſed of, was for a moment almoſt annihilated by the force of his tranſports; and there certainly was not that object on the face of the earth, to whom he would have ſaid, I will exchange conditions with you.

THE other tokens of remembrance

choſen

choſen by Lady Gertrude, and exchanged by the parties, if not ſo eſtimable as a picture would have been, were ſelected with taſte; a gold chronologer was preſented by Sir William Montreville to Emeline Davenport: accept it, ſaid he, as the moſt uſeleſs thing I have to beſtow upon you; after you have robbed me of yourſelf, dates and time, what will they be to me but an inſupportable burthen, which I ſhall be glad to get rid of!

At length the day, ſo fearfully dreaded by them all, broke upon their heavy eyelids, in real ſplendor but imaginary terrors—In vain the ſun brightened every object around them

them — they could ſee only the dews of ſorrow on the cheeks of each other — They met at the breakfaſt table, and inſtead of ſaying, What a lovely morning! or, what fine weather we ſhall have for our journey to the Head, Adelaide cried out, as if nature herſelf had been eclipſed — Oh! how gloomy it is! — Her three aſſociates in the tender paſſion were far from contradicting the aſſertion, whilſt Lady Gertrude and Mrs. Davenport ſmiled on each other, and their ſmiles bore a great deal of meaning.

SIR Thomas Montreville having a cold did not get up to ſee them ſet off, but they had all been to carry him their

their adieus before they aſſembled in the breakfaſt room: he ſaid a thouſand kind things to Montague and Emeline, embraced them as if they had been his real, as they were his adopted children, bidding them be of good cheer and expect to find no change in the hearts of their friends when they returned to the caſtle. If they were not able to ſpeak their gratitude, their ſilence more eloquently explained it.

HERE comes the hearſe, muttered William Montreville, when the travelling coach, loaded with trunks, and piled high with imperials, moved ſlowly up to the door; then, ſnatching up his hat, and caſting a look on

Emeline

Emeline that conveyed a volume of expreſſions, he would, coward like, have fled from that tremendous monſter, a laſt farewel: but Lady Gertrude called him back to aſſiſt the ladies to their carriage; he was too dutiful to refuſe the command, and too much agitated to know what he did—ſo without aſking them if they were ready to go, he returned, drew a hand of each under his arm, and dragged them along, as if he had been going to their execution or his own.

EMELINE ſo contrived, that her tears were concealed by a gauze veil, but could think of no ſubterfuge to prevent her ſobs from penetrating the ears of William, from whence they

they found a beaten tract to his heart, and gave him back what he ſeemed to have loſt, the powers of articulation. Deareſt Emeline! he cried, this generous compaſſion ſhall be the pledge of your fidelity—does it not promiſe for you, that Montreville ſhall not be forgotten?

IT does! it does! ſaid ſhe, and ſeated herſelf by her mother.

WHILST this ſcene was paſſing, by the ſide of the carriage, Adelaide, who had, unobſerved, followed her dear companion Emeline as far as the door, but, incapable of an effort ſo great as ſeeing thoſe friends depart whom ſhe wiſhed ever to retain, haſ-

tily turned back to the room they had juſt quitted, followed by Montague Davenport.—In all the torture of exquiſite agony he threw himſelf on his knees before her: O God! he exclaimed, what is to be my fate?—what may not happen in this dreadful ſeparation?—what is it that makes me tremble for the future?

Miss Montreville ſeemed overwhelmed with forebodings, dark as his own, and, uttering a deep ſigh, caſt herſelf on the boſom of her mother.

Go, my beſt Montague, ſaid Lady Gertrude, and carry with you the certainty of being beloved—but do

not ſtay now to diſtreſs us with your regrets — have you not perceived that we are unequal to the taſk of combating even with our own?

I SEE, I ſee my error, ſaid he, and roſe haſtily, as if he had that moment recollected her tender frame was not made to ſuſtain the weight of his real and imaginary ſorrows. Yes, he added, with a fervency of devotion, God will protect the angel I am forcing myſelf to quit, and God will bleſs you, deareſt, kindeſt Lady Gertrude:—he reſpectfully kiſſed the hands of both, as he ſaid theſe few words; and, without expecting a reply, followed his mother and ſiſter, who were waiting for him in the carriage,

carriage, at the door of which ſtood William Montreville, in a ſituation not more enviable than his own.

MONTAGUE threw his arm over the ſhoulder of his perturbated friend, as his foot reſted on the ſtep—Farewell, dear Montreville!—Farewell, dear Davenport!—Take care of Adelaide.—Take care of Emeline—were all the words that they did or perhaps could utter; and in a few ſhort moments, the dejected travellers were beyond the view of thoſe eyes by which they were eagerly purſued.

HAVING circumſtantially explained not only the Davenports' departure, but alſo their reaſons for depart-

ing, and drawn a picture which exhibits the laſt adieus of four innocent hearts, impreſſed with mutual kindneſs for each other, pre-determined by fate to laſt as long as their mutual exiſtence laſted; I ſhall take up my ſtory where I laid it down, after the interment of the poor Adelaide, and a little after that period when Lady Gertrude, as ſhe lay on the bed of ſickneſs, aſked her ſon if he had informed the Davenports of their common misfortune.

I am now going to Dublin; and if, reader, you are inclined to follow me there, you ſhall ſee, not what you ſee every day, ſcenes of diſſipation, or ſpectacles of delight—but having

no

no printed hand-bills to deliver at the door, if you would know what is to be known, you muſt go with me into the exhibition chamber, and there your curioſity will be gratified.

THIS is the way to it.

MONTAGUE DAVENPORT did not hear of Miſs Montreville's intended excurſion to the continent with that humble ſubmiſſion to the caprice of his deſtiny, as beſpoke him either ſatisfied or contented: many a heavy ſigh, many a ſleepleſs night did the intelligence coſt him; he was not afraid of finding a rival, in a native of the country to which ſhe was going, but he was afraid of ſomething,

he could hardly tell what.—He thought of the number of fine young men in his own iſland, who purſue the ſame track for improvement—it was impoſſible they ſhould not meet with his idol, and it was more than impoſſible that they ſhould ſee her without trying to diſpoſſeſs him of the place he held in her affections: in ſhort, if he was not jealous of ſhadows, they at leaſt created him a thouſand fancied difficulties, and he became a ſecond Don Quixote in trying to vanquiſh them—But all his efforts to ſubdue the demons of ſuppoſition might at laſt have been fruitleſs, had not his hopes been capitally reinforced by the arrival of another packet from England, with the agreeable

able news that Sir Thomas Montreville had ſet aſide his former interdiction of writing, and that he was now at liberty to correſpond with his daughter.

WHOEVER ſuppoſe that he did not receive this indulgence with tranſports of gratitude, would not deſerve a ſimilar gratification, if their ſituation demanded it.—Montague felt himſelf on this occaſion almoſt as much obliged to the parents of his Adelaide, as when they graciouſly promiſed him, that at the end of two years they ſhould be united to each other in thoſe ſtrong and tender bands that cannot be diſſevered.

THAT

THAT alarming ſilence which had preceded the accounts of Miſs Montreville's deceaſe in a foreign land, was not confined to the caſtle, but had been extended to Ireland. During five weeks no letter arrived there to Montague, his mother, or his ſiſter; the two latter drooped with apprehenſion, but carefully hid their fears from the diſtracted lover, who, like the Spartan boy, concealed, under the cloke of fortitude, the ſharp teeth of an enemy that was eating out his vitals. I will wait, ſaid he to his mother, the arrival of one more packet: the wind is now favourable, ſo may be my fortune; otherwiſe I muſt have your permiſſion to ſeek my

my happineſs from whence only it can be derived—I will go to Adelaide—I will find her out wherever ſhe is—If faithful, you will ſoon ſee me again—If ſhe has forgotten me—there he ſtopped—then added, O God, there is no ſtate of ſuch irritating torture as a ſtate of ſuſpenſe!

HAVING ſettled his mind that nothing but hearing from Miſs Montreville ſhould prevent him croſſing over to the continent in purſuit of her, he bore about his anxiety ſo philoſophically, that it was no where to be diſcovered, except by ſtarts, ſuch as I juſt now inſtanced, in ſunk eyes, high beating pulſe, feveriſh heats,

heats, and a ſallowneſs not natural to his complexion.

THE guarded letter written to Mrs. Davenport by Sir William, to announce the death of his ſiſter, was not the channel by which they firſt became acquainted with their misfortune. Swift are the pinions charged with woe, and too ſwift arrived the expected packet in the bay of Dublin—The family are aſſembled at breakfaſt—the Engliſh papers, as uſual, brought into the room: Montague, ſtarting from his chair, inquires if there are no letters—the ſervant ſays there are none, lays down the papers, and retires.

I CAN bear it no longer—cried the impatient lover of Adelaide.—Mother, ſiſter, if you have diſpatches to ſend by me, get them ready to-day, for to-morrow I ſhall not be in this country.

I know your intentions, ſaid Mrs. Davenport, and do not mean to oppoſe them; all I aſk is, that you will firſt go to the caſtle, and conſult with Lady Gertrude: it is a compliment her goodneſs to you has made indiſpenſable; you owe it alſo to the delicacy of her daughter's ſituation.

I know it, I know it, he replied, and will do nothing without Lady Ger-

Gertrude's conſent—ſhe will not refuſe it—her heart is too much like your own to bid me deſiſt from finding out what is become of Adelaide.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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